

The Listener

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Strikes and the Public

By LORD SAMUEL

IT is commonly said that, in the end, all great labour disputes are settled by public opinion. Experience shows that that is true. My memories go back far, to the great London dock strike of 1889. That was for a claim of sixpence for an hour of heavy labour. It was rejected by the employers. With little organisation and no funds, after a week or two the dockers sat down to starve. The public conscience was deeply stirred. A fund was raised; we all subscribed; money flowed in—enough to support the dockers and their families indefinitely. The employers gave way, and the dockers won their sixpence. This set going a nationwide movement to raise the conditions of the classes of unskilled labourers, as they were called, often wrongly, in agriculture and other industries.

Years later, in 1925, chronic discontent in the mines led to bitter conflict. The whole industry was subjected to a close scrutiny by a small Royal Commission, of which I was appointed Chairman. We presented a unanimous report early in 1926: it was critical of the employers and very favourable to the miners: all its recommendations were carried out in subsequent years. But although accepted by employers and by the Government, the miners stood out on a single point—important, but temporary and not vital. The employers then offered their own terms, the men refused them; and the mines stopped working. Many of the great trade unions, who had entered into an alliance with the miners, came out in their support. About 2,500,000 workers struck and the economic life of the country was brought almost to a standstill. I mention all this in order to emphasise what followed, as it has close bearing on our present situation. Two-and-a-half millions were out, but there was a population of more than forty millions, and it reacted energetically. The Government said, quite rightly,

that this was no longer a trade dispute. It was a political act, designed to compel the Government to bring pressure on the employers to give terms different from those recommended by the impartial tribunal appointed to inquire into the merits of the case. Volunteers came forward in large numbers; inconveniences were patiently borne; opinion among the working classes was divided; the strikers began to stream back to work in increasing numbers day by day. The Strike Committee were glad to welcome my intervention, when, as lately Chairman of the Royal Commission, and although without any authority from the Government, I asked for an opportunity to enter into discussions that might possibly find a way out of the complete deadlock that had then arisen. We had several discussions, which ended in the formation of proposals that enabled the T.U.C. to call off the general strike after nine days. They recognised that their position had become untenable. It was the reaction of public opinion that had made it so.

The situation now, thirty years later, is in principle the same. Since the B.B.C. did me the honour yesterday* of asking me to give this broadcast, I have been at pains to ascertain just what this situation is.

The engine-drivers on the railways feel that they have a grievance. They are among the most valued members of the community; they perform highly responsible duties. To drive an express train, with hundreds of people, at sixty miles an hour through a complicated mechanical system, for hours on end, requires long years of training; and courage, alertness, resource, of a high order. However mechanised we may be, the human factor still comes in. These men claim that this puts them in a special class compared with all other manual workers; they have therefore exercised the right to maintain a separate trade union, distinct

from that of the other railway workers. Their union has about 67,000 members; the National Union of Railwaymen over 400,000. During the last two years the whole system of wages on the railways has been under review, and differences have been referred to the tribunal within the industry which has been accustomed to deal with such questions—the Railways National Staff Tribunal. In the course of prolonged negotiations and hearings, all the points have been satisfactorily settled except the one which is now the subject of the present dispute.

It is not a matter that involves any direct and immediate expenditure of large sums of money. It is really a question of the status of the footplate men, as they are called, relatively to other railwaymen, and indeed to workers in general. It is a question of prestige; and that is hard to measure in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. Crudely put, what is the measure in cash of the value to the community of an engine-driver, compared with a signalman, for example, or a guard, or a porter? But that is what the Railways Tribunal has had to determine. And it has not done it to the satisfaction of the engine-drivers who belong to this society.

The outstanding point is this: the footplate men claim that the differentials in their favour are inadequate. They want a special distinctive rate for all qualified engine-drivers. The Commission have answered that they have proceeded, as they always have done, on the principle of 'the right rate for the job'. They fully agree that the drivers who are engaged on the most responsible and difficult duties should receive special allowances, and that is already included in their proposals; but the claim of the union would involve in practice that a man who was actually driving a shunting engine would get the same recognition as the driver of the 'Royal Scot' express; and this could not be agreed to. The strike has resulted.

What opinion are we, the general public, to form about this? It is no use just being annoyed at the inconveniences we are suffering, or angry at the unemployment that may soon fall upon the great industries, and all the commercial and financial loss to the nation. Nor are we directly concerned with the antagonisms

between the two unions. Whether there are to be two unions, one, and, if two, what should be the relations between them, is the business of the men themselves, to be settled in their own way. Nor, again, do we question the legal right of the engine-driver's union to resort to a strike, if they thought that they were being treated unjustly and had no other recourse. And although it is true that who are doing so now, the N.U.R. could not claim any superior virtue in that regard; for at an earlier stage of the negotiations they too, threatened to do the same thing; and they have made it clear that if their rivals win their point in the present strike, they will claim the right to act in the same way in order to neutralise the effect.

Let us keep our minds on the main issue. Among all the complications, it is quite simple. We have made a great advance in the present century in our industrial organisation by superseding the old system of settling disputes by strikes and lock-outs, which ended by no appeal to justice or reason but by the mere will of endurance—which side could last out the longer, the one against hunger, the other against ruin. We have substituted for that a highly elaborate system of industrial and national courts to act as investigators, conciliators, umpires. The railway service has set up a tribunal. It has investigated this matter with care and patience. It is clearly not possible for the Government to press the British Railways Commission to throw over the award of the tribunal in this instance. That would set a precedent which would cast the whole system into chaos. And there has been no such obvious mistake as would require the nation, as ultimate court of appeal, to ask the Government to do that.

We mean no disrespect to the engine-drivers. We are truly grateful to them for having carried so many of us safely for so many millions of miles. But should they not think again? Is it worth while to cause all this disturbance, and loss to the whole country, for the sake of the small difference that is now at issue? And beyond all else, they must not expect us to ignore the need for a considered award of an established and authoritative tribunal, which is itself an integral part of a system of the highest value to the nation.—*Home Service*

The Human Element in Politics

ROBERT McKENZIE on the General Election

THE pundits (and I must classify myself among them) talked incessantly in the weeks before the election of the importance of 'swing'. A one per cent. swing from one party to another would mean a turnover of eighteen seats and the experts were even prepared to list the eighteen seats that Labour, for example, would 'inevitably lose' if there were a one per cent. swing to the Conservatives. It did not appear to matter who were the candidates in any of these constituencies, nor what their merits; if the swing was against their party, then 'off with their heads'.

But something appears to have gone wrong with this calculation on the night of May 26. We were told that there was a swing to the Conservatives of about one and a half or two per cent. (according to how you calculate it). Yet a number of Labour heads which should have rolled stubbornly refused to do so (and, incidentally, on the Conservative side, several seats which should have been lost because of redistribution, or the intervention of a Liberal, were surprisingly retained).

This was news indeed. Apart from the fun in all this, many students of politics understandably hailed the apparent downfall of political mathematics. They had properly bemoaned the theory that the qualities of the individual candidate now count for almost nothing. There were dangerous implications in this for the future of parliamentary government. But now it seemed, as the results of the election of 1955 poured in, that the more extravagant fears were groundless. The candidate must count for something. Why else, for example, had Mr. Harold Wilson won at Huyton, Mr. Arthur Bottomley at Rochester and Chatham, or Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith at Chislehurst? Granted the national swing (or the effects of redistribution) each of them, according to the election experts, should have been toppled into the dust.

But is this elation at the triumph of man over mathematics justified?

The answer is only, I think, a very qualified 'yes'. Even the most mechanically minded of the experts admitted that the candidate counts for no more than a few hundred votes, say, plus or minus 500 votes. And the quality of his organisation was thought to be worth roughly the same number of votes one way or another. All of the 'surprise' winners were obviously strong candidates and each of them I suspect had an alert and vigorous team of supporters. So there (in a strong candidate and a powerful organisation) were at least 1,000 votes in hand; and 1,000 votes, in most constituencies, is approximately two per cent. of the electorate—enough to count for a national swing of these proportions.

There is something else to be kept in mind: from one point of view there was no swing at all from one party to another in this election. The Conservatives did win approximately two per cent. more of the votes cast than they did in 1951. But their total vote fell by about 500,000. They won handsomely because Labour's total vote fell by about 1,500,000. The Labour vote fell most drastically in the safe seats, whether Labour or Conservative. It fell less sharply in the marginal Labour seats which were held by well-known Labour M.P.s. It looked as if (and this can be no more than guesswork) those who voted Labour in 1951 were willing to turn out again to save a particular popular or able M.P. who appeared to be in danger. It seems a reasonable interpretation that some at least of the Labour voters who turned out to save their M.P.s in marginal seats were voting for the particular candidate rather than to demonstrate their anxiety to return a Labour Government to Westminster.

This, taken with the obvious personal achievement of some of the Conservative candidates in tight places, suggests that there are circumstances in which a particular candidate may be worth a little more than 500 votes; but it is certainly the party label that counts.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (*Home Service*)

Mr. Diem and the Future in Viet-Nam

By BRIAN CROZIER

LAST autumn, the American Senator, Mr. Mike Mansfield, went on a tour of the Far East. In Indo-China he met Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, the Prime Minister of Southern Viet-Nam, and was deeply impressed by his honesty and determination. And when he returned to Washington, he strongly advised the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to sanction economic and military aid to Southern Viet-Nam only if Mr. Diem continued to be Prime Minister. The committee took his advice and passed a resolution saying that if Mr. Diem fell, the United States should immediately reconsider the whole question of aid to Southern Viet-Nam. This resolution became the basis of American policy towards that country, it committed America to support a man rather than an idea, a personality rather than a programme.

It is important to remember this because the determining voice in the affairs of Indo-China is no longer that of France, but that of America. Personally, I believe that Mr. Diem, in spite of his qualities, has been a doubtful success as Prime Minister of Viet-Nam. He has brought his half of the country to the point of civil war and he has so far been incapable of holding a team of ministers together. So my own feeling is that it is unfortunate that America has made her aid allocations dependent on this one man. I feel this all the more strongly because I am in complete agreement with the American policy

of resistance to communism wherever it may be found. Only in this case, by committing themselves to one man, they have deprived themselves of flexibility in their policy. And this, I believe, has very grave international implications, affecting not only Franco-American relations but also Great Britain, because we are signatories of the Geneva agreement which brought the Indo-China war to an end nearly a year ago.

I would like to come back later to this international aspect of Viet-Nam, but before I do I want to say a few words about the situation on the spot, as I see it. There is no doubt that the non-communist south is in a state of complete confusion and disunity. There are several reasons for this, but I cannot here go into all of them, so I shall pick on the most important one—Mr. Diem's quarrel with those curious politico-religious bodies with difficult names, known as the sects. Two of these rather exotic groups really do have a religious background. They are the Hoa Haos who practise a primitive form of Buddhism, and the Cao daists who practise a strange, synthetic faith incorporating many eastern religions, and also Christianity. Then there is the sect that was so much in the news a few weeks ago when street fighting broke out in Saigon—the Binh Xuyen. They, I am afraid, cannot claim any religious basis whatever. They are just a gang of toughs who were once river pirates and who later acquired a good deal of property and some extremely unsavoury businesses in Saigon.

It has been obvious for a long time that sooner or later the sects were going to give trouble. During the war, that is the Indo-China war, the French had found them useful because, although as nationalists they were anti-French, they were even more anti-communist; and so long as they were receiving regular French subsidies they were quite willing to

go on fighting the Viet-Minh. And so the French helped them to build up their private armies and kept them supplied with arms and ammunition. These French subsidies and supplies ended last year, and there lies the root of the trouble. For the Americans, who since then have been shouldering the main economic burden in Southern Viet-Nam, were of course not disposed to continue subsidising the sectarian armies. The American idea—and a very sensible one—was that these private armies

should be incorporated into the Viet-Name National Army which they are now training. For a time, it looked as though the leaders of the sects would be prepared to accept this state of affairs. Some of them accepted posts in Mr. Diem's cabinet and several groups of Hoa Hao and Cao daist soldiers put themselves at the Prime Minister's disposal. Unfortunately, this period of co-operation did not last long. When it came to the point, none of the sects was prepared to give up its feudal privileges. Then, again, those of their leaders who had joined Mr. Diem's Government found it impossible to work for long under this austere and intransigent leader who trusted nobody but himself and refused to delegate even the most minor duties to any of his ministers. At all events, the sects broke away from the Government and formed themselves into a United Front.

To be fair to Mr. Diem, he was faced with a very difficult dilemma.

He was quite rightly determined to break the power of the Binh Xuyen gang, who controlled not only the gambling and the prostitution in the Saigon area but also the police. On the other hand, it was not to Mr. Diem's interest to antagonise the other sects as well. That, however, was what he eventually did. Mr. Diem's National Army troops certainly succeeded in driving the Binh Xuyen out of Saigon in the fighting at the end of April, and, as a result, the gang has certainly lost control of the police; but he got no further than that. He did not succeed in rallying the support of the other sects. The Cao daists are divided on the issue of supporting him; the Binh Xuyen have re-grouped in the marshy area to the south of Saigon; and the Hoa Haos have seized control of the vital rice-fields of the Mekong river delta and they are now threatening to blockade the capital*.

Most of the 30,000 Hoa Haos are taking their orders from a young fanatic called Bacut, who spent a good deal of the Indo-China war as a kind of free-lance guerrilla, fighting the French, the Viet-Minh, and sometimes the official Hoa Hao forces as well. This wild-eyed man, who once cut off his own index finger and who has allowed his hair to grow for the past ten months in mourning for Geneva, is now the principal threat to the Diem Government. Now, however, Mr. Diem has sent a powerful contingent of the National Army to south-west Cochinchina, to keep the road to Saigon open and to do battle with Bacut's men. There is no doubt that, in the long run, the scales are weighted on the side of the National Army, but in the meantime the prospect ahead is of a long period of guerrilla warfare. In such a war both sides will lose sight of the real objective, which is to create some kind of unity and strength in the south, to prevent the communists from having things their own way at next year's elections.



Ngo Dinh Diem, Prime Minister of Southern Viet-Nam, on a recent visit to the northern part of the country



The Emperor Bao Dai

On the strictly political plane, I am afraid the outlook is even more disquieting. At the time of the street fighting against the Binh Xuyen, Mr. Diem called into being a revolutionary committee, with the object of discrediting the Viet-Nameese Chief of State, the Emperor Bao Dai, who, from his exile in the south of France, was trying to bring about a reconciliation between the sects and the Government. The trouble with this revolutionary committee is that some of its members are ex-communists who are feared to be still in touch with the Viet-Minh and to be acting on their behalf. At this moment, it is difficult to know whether it is Mr. Diem who is giving the orders, or the Revolutionary Committee. At any rate, the committee has now solemnly proclaimed the deposition of the Emperor Bao Dai. Many people may consider this to be a good thing, but I believe it will almost certainly turn out to be a bad one for Viet-Nam if the committee's action is given international approval.

The Position of Bao Dai

At this point, I think Bao Dai's position deserves some explanation. I am not saying that Viet-Nam's absentee Chief of State should not be criticised; but I do think that he should be criticised for the right things and that we should get the facts straight. My own main criticisms are that he has failed to provide the kind of dynamic leadership that might have rallied all the non-communist nationalists round him; and also that he allowed the Binh Xuyen gang to gain control of the police. But I have always thought it was a shallow judgement to dismiss this reasonable and highly intelligent man as a playboy of the Farouk type. After all, it was Bao Dai who negotiated Viet-Nam's independence from France. It also strikes me as illogical to attack Bao Dai for staying in Cannes instead of going back to Saigon. The facts are clear: Bao Dai delegated all his powers to Diem and Diem accepted office only on condition that Bao Dai remained in exile. Since American aid, the most vital factor in Viet-Nam's struggle, depends upon Mr. Diem's remaining Prime Minister, it is obvious that Bao Dai has no choice but to stay out of Viet-Nam.

Bao Dai's position brings me back to the international aspects of Viet-Nam. There is no doubt that France and the United States are now bitterly and profoundly divided on this question. About three weeks ago, when Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, went to Paris to meet M. Pinay of France and our own Mr. Macmillan, Bao Dai turned up too, hoping to see Mr. Dulles and to talk him into accepting a reasonable plan to end the tension in Viet-Nam. Under this plan, Bao Dai agreed to allow his own future to be determined by a constituent assembly to be formed as a result of general elections. Bao Dai's plan had been welcomed by the French Government. Mr. Dulles, however, snubbed the Emperor by refusing even to meet him, and the French agreed in effect that they would continue, officially, to support the present American policy. It has been reported that the French have

strong reservations about this. They are apparently willing to go on approving the Diem Government, but only for a few more weeks—until they see whether Mr. Diem is willing to consult Viet-Minh representatives next month, as laid down in the Geneva agreement to discuss the general elections which are supposed to take place next year. That, of course, is the crux of the whole question, international speaking. The French are signatories of the Geneva agreement and so are the British. But the Americans are not and neither is Mr. Diem's Government. Mr. Diem himself has made it clear that he has no intention of meeting the Viet-Minh representatives or of abiding by the Geneva provisions for a nation-wide election. Instead, he proposes to hold elections in his half of the country next month; although much of the area is out of his control that it is difficult to see how elections can be organised in so short a time. What, then, is the prospect?

I think we should face the fact that a policy of by-passing the Geneva agreement for a general election leads logically to war in Indo-China. If the south refuses to hold elections in July 1956, then the Viet-Minh army would have some justification in using force. If this happened, would the south be prepared to fight for the south? Certainly not the British, who are signatories of the Geneva agreement. And I do not believe that the Americans would intervene with armed forces. Because of this, because Mr. Diem has shown himself incapable of achieving unity, I believe the Americans will find it necessary to drop him, sooner or later. By then it may be too late for Bao Dai to achieve unity; but I am still convinced nobody else is capable of doing it. And in any case I am afraid the only prospect is continued civil strife and anarchy.

Free Elections

At all events, it does seem that there is nothing to be gained by deliberately obstructing the Geneva agreement. We should remember one thing; that the agreement calls for free elections. It is up to the International Supervisory Commission to determine whether the conditions for free elections exist. We should be able to rely on the Canadian members of the Commission—and on the Indians, too—to ensure this. And if the elections were really free, I, for one, would be surprised to see the Viet-Minh register a complete victory at the polls. It is true that the Viet-Minh have the prestige of military victory behind them, but their regime cannot be too popular if 1,000,000 people—no means all of them Catholics—have wanted to flee from the north since the Communists took over. Besides, the north is suffering badly from a shortage of rice which the Viet-Minh's Communist allies do not seem able or willing to make up. And, again, it was the Chinese who made it possible for the Viet-Minh to defeat the French Union Army, and the Chinese are the hereditary enemies of the Viet-Nameese. These factors would work against Ho Chi-minh in a genuinely free election. A great deal depends, therefore, on whether Diem reconsiders—or is persuaded to reconsider—his proposal to by-pass the Geneva agreement to hold nation-wide elections.—Home Service

The New Babylon

Reflections on rebuilt Europe by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

ONLY a year or two ago it was a fashionable pastime among the new managerial *élite* to make a grand tour through the ruins of Europe assembling data for disenchanting meditations on falling civilisation. Alert young planners with bright new diplomas in economic science, peripatetic university professors selling liberal values, pin-striped possessors of first-class expense accounts, and all the other brief-cased beneficiaries of an ecumenical holocaust flitted through the wreckage from Catania to Kirkenes; and, safely returned, they poured forth from their institutes, research centres, committees, commissions, study-groups, and university presses a soul-searing torrent of melancholy *mémoires d'outre-tombe*. The barbarians (you will remember), when they crossed the Rhine in the fourth century of our era, came face to face with cities they sourly described as 'walled tombs'. What, our present-day philosophers sourly asked, are the fire-scarred walls of twentieth-century Europe but another tomb, in which the soul of western man lies dead, interred in ashes more suffocating than those which buried Pompeii? All that was needed, it seemed, was a

new Pausanias to perambulate the weary scene, a present-day Piranesi to etch for eternity the grass growing among the Palladian mansions, decayed imperialisms, and amidst the burnt-out mansions of bankrupt Buddenbrooks.

Such was the fashionable pessimism of the dying nineteen-forties. We know, today, how false it was. They reckoned, our philosophers without the tenacity, the resilience of the human animal. The fragile, the delicate, the ethereal may succumb, but the dour peasant ploughman in the mouldering debris of battle, and the starving city-dweller crawling out of his cellars and builds skyscrapers. Today in Europe only the cities stagnate which had not the good fortune to be bombed out. What is the poet to write us an ode to destruction, to glorious destruction which clears the ground for ever more glorious reconstruction? 'Reconstruction', proclaim the American commissioners and the Russian commissars, in singular unison; and from Germany there comes the staccato echo: 'Wiederaufbau!' It is the battle cry of the nineteen-fifties just as 'Sieg Heil' was the battle-cry of the 'thirties.

Blueprints flutter, cement mixers churn. Provided they belong to the appropriate trade union, hold a diploma of an approved university, or are prepared to swear to uphold the American way of life, there are jobs for all the boys. Even liberalism has recovered its nerve, and, adapting itself to the brave new world, has learnt to shout down opponents like a trades-union boss, instead of converting by the light of reason like a gentleman from the Gladstonian school. And the statisticians are here to prove our reconstructive vigour and to incite us to new targets and records. Who has shovelled away the most muck and rubble? Who is winning the race to build a metropolis for the new continent of Euramerica? You know the answer: Berlin, of course, Berlin forging ahead; 25,000,000 cubic metres carted out to form a new landmark in the

Grünwald, which a merciful nature is already decking with stunted trees. For Berlin, 1945 the 1918 was an incentive, not a check. A city with no historical roots, with no respect for historical traditions, Berlin has no difficulty in coming to terms with any new situation. Even the division between east and west has stimulated reconstruction; it has stimulated the west, the smug middle-class suburbs of Charlottenburg and Dahlem, to desperate competition, so that Berlin now has two of everything, from opera houses to universities. It is like a repulsive, deformed, sprawling, but terrifyingly agile Siamese twin.

Berlin, of course, has long been known as the ugliest capital in Europe, and the authorities of west Berlin are sparing no effort to ensure that it does not forfeit this singular distinction. The chaos created by war left one speechless; but it is nothing to the shrieking, nerve-wracking chaos engineered by reconstruction. It is as though west Berlin has set out with Prussian thoroughness to translate into reality the fantasies of Fritz Lang film. An agonising confusion of irreconcilable styles, and contemptuous disregard for aesthetic harmony, are its mark. Characteristic of post-war reconstruction is the great new Central Library at the Halle Gate, so excruciatingly 'functional' that it is familiarly referred to as 'the book silo'. Skyscrapers of glass and stainless steel rise incongruously among patches of Wilhelmenian building, monuments of Germanic mythology in brick and stucco. But what you carry away with you from west Berlin—the last impression on a wearied mind—is the deadly refinement of the shop fronts, the unvarying array of chromium, plexiglass, and neon-lighting, all set out with surrealistic elegance, as though to say that here also, in sheer slick elegance, Berlin has long outdistanced

Paris. Or perhaps if you have gone a step further, another impression will accompany you: that is the impression of the century and distress, so deliberately shut away behind the brightly lit facade. Berlin is still the city of barrack tenements. When William I, Bismarck's hero, came to the throne, one-fifth of the population of Berlin slept five or more in a room; what, one wonders, is the proportion today? And out in the suburbs, the houses of the workers' settlements march on: as the poet, Carl

Philipp Moritz, put it, back in 1780, "in straight lines and closed ranks like Prussian soldiers". The Frederician spirit, the spirit of the barrack square, the benevolent despotism with its care for sanitation and anything else that will produce efficient, hard-working subordinates—that spirit is still there: but in the hands now not of a king whose responsibility is to God but of a parvenu plutocracy for whom welfare is a means to one end alone, greater productivity and greater profits.

What does it all signify? Is it just an idiom, is it just an architect's formula, this new Berlin that is rising out of the rubble? Is it a new stage in the evolution of a rootless megalopolis, in the assimilation of Berlin to New York? Is it merely a reaction against the exaggerated nationalism of Hitler's architectural intuitions? Or should we treat it

rather as indicating the adoption of an international style—as part of a more general European trend to uniformity of culture (which is the same thing as the end of all culture)? No doubt, in part it is all these things. But comparison will show that there is more behind the architectural deformity of western Berlin than any of these formulations implies. Travel only a couple of miles across the frontier from Germany into Switzerland, and there, at Basel, you will see how new building just as advanced in principle as the architecture of western Germany can harmonise to perfection with the old. Travel to Vienna, and the contrast perhaps is even more startling because Vienna like Berlin grew up on the colonial soil of the German east, but a similar origin could not have produced more different results.

In Vienna, post-war reconstruction has meant scrupulous, affectionate restoration of what had been destroyed. The great cathedral of St. Stephen, fired by the departing German troops, is structurally unchanged. Even the nineteenth-century pseudo-Renaissance pile of the Opera, which is certainly no masterpiece, is rising again in a form indistinguishable from the old. The explanation, so Germans will tell you, is that Vienna has given up the race to modernise itself, has been overtaken by Berlin just as Paris and London once overtook Rome or Madrid. But is this the whole truth? Does not the difference go deeper? Is it not rather that Vienna, unlike Berlin, still has tradition and values to preserve?

And there is the same contrast if you go to France. Forget, for once, Corbusier's famous building, the *Unité d'Habitation* on the outskirts of Marseilles; forget it because it is quite untypical. If you want to see

post-war rebuilding harmonise with the landscape go instead to Normandy. Go to Caen where the grey facing stone so admirably tones with the open windswept plain and with the two great churches of Holy Trinity and St. Etienne; or go to Evreux, in the hilly wooded country of central Normandy, where the warm red brick and the high-gabled roofs are equally in keeping with the setting. There is no cheap historicism about this, no attempt to reproduce an 'old world' model, but there is an anchoring in tradition that



A street of shops in west Berlin



Stalin-Allee, the main street in east Berlin

western Germany has lost. The essential fact in both cases is coherent planning, symmetry of style and elevation, and a careful attention to aesthetic qualities. The new town centre of Evreux has the poise and the unity which you find in a painting by Vermeer of Delft; by comparison west Berlin is simply a chaos of rampant individualisms.

Planned Rebuilding

But you do not need to go so far as Normandy or Vienna to discover that sophisticated modernism is not the only norm of reconstruction. The contrast is there on the spot in east Berlin. No doubt the architecture of east Berlin has conceits and fancies of its own. The public conveniences, for examples, which grace the Tiergarten have the delicate contours of Greek temples; you expect to see nymphs darting out, not gents dashing in. Still, the reconstruction as a whole is strikingly impressive. You may not like the Stalin-Allee—the architectural showpiece of the east—perhaps its dimensions are too large for your taste. But you are unlikely to deny (as an Austrian critic recently wrote) that 'the articulation of the buildings is magnificent', and that it has a 'unity and monumental quality with which nothing in west Berlin can compare'. Above all else, each building is planned as part of an architectural whole. The tempo of reconstruction is certainly slower in the east, but the great chance for planned rebuilding which west Berlin has let slip, that has been grasped and understood and taken.

What do these comparisons indicate? They indicate, to me, the error of treating the rootless and restless modernism of west German reconstruction as representative of a general European trend. Of course there is experiment everywhere, no one supposes that the developments visible in western Germany are confined to that country; but elsewhere, in France or Switzerland or Austria, they are checked and balanced by a lively sense of tradition and of fitness. Western Germany, on the other hand, lives in the present; no one wishes to think of the years between 1933 and 1945, and no one dares to think of the future.

The outstanding fact about western Germany—it strikes you in every rebuilt city, in Munich or Frankfurt or Hamburg, no less than in Berlin—is that 1945 removed the incubus of tradition. You may envy the Germans for this because it certainly is one of the factors which have allowed them to forge ahead without inhibitions. You may be sorry for them, because of the inner uncertainty and instability which it portends; but in any case you must fear them for it because a people without tradition, rootless, living in and for the present, is dangerous. It is fashionable today to explain this differentiation in terms of German psychology or of German national character. But I think the example of east Berlin is evidence against any such explanation. After all, if eastern Germany, as Dresden and Rostock show, can produce a healthy, vigorous style carefully adapted to tradition and to environment (in Dresden to Baroque; in Rostock to Hanseatic architecture), why cannot western Germany do the same?

It is not simply a question of two conflicting movements in European architecture or in European reconstruction; rather behind this contrast we can perceive a struggle between two conflicting attitudes to Europe, and to the question how Europe after the catastrophe of two world wars should meet its future. The one starts from the conviction that European values and European traditions are still a living force, and that it is our business to preserve and develop them. The other starts from the assumption that Europe, as we have known it, is played out, that the European age is at an end, and that if we are to survive we must adjust ourselves in culture and in politics to a cosmopolitan civilisation which, in essentials, is the same in Berlin and New York, in Pittsburgh and Düsseldorf.

The significance of western Germany in this conflict of ideas and attitudes is this: owing to its inherent instability, it constitutes a focal point for all those forces dissolving and transforming the old order in Europe. It is certainly not the only country in which the religion of work, the great illusion that improvement of material standards is an answer to all problems, has usurped the place of ultimate values. But what is typical of western Germany is the frightening tendency to run from one extreme to another and the lack of any anchor in tradition. This, incidentally, is no temporary phenomenon due simply to the collapse of 1945; it can be traced back beyond 1918 to the vast unsettlement which followed the establishment of the Hohenzollern Empire in 1871, and in this respect the west German situation is specifically German. But we ought to recognise also that the extremes which make western Germany so dangerous a neighbour for the rest of Europe are only an exaggeration of tendencies apparent elsewhere. It is only at Bonn, certainly, that you find a parliament building so functional in

design that it might be the head office of a margarine combine. who would maintain that the decline of parliamentary institutions with this building seems to symbolise, the rigid discipline of parties, example, or the arbitrary powers of ministers and civil servants, is confined to western Germany? It is easy to castigate western Germany, the really significant fact is that it embodies in extreme form a change into managerial society which is common to Europe as a whole. In the nineteenth-twenties, when Vienna built its great blocks of working-class flats such as the famous Karl-Marx-Hof, it was a gesture of defiance against a hostile bourgeois world; and Dollfuss, by training his artillery against them, proved that the hostility was real. But, today, the housing estates and nursery schools which rise, no matter what party may be in power, on the outskirts of every great city of Europe, are the gifts of a benevolent state, granted without struggle, and accepted with complacency, and it is heresy even to suggest that each new gift may, in the end, prove to be a link in a chain binding the recipients to the wheel of Leviathan's chariot.

The real question is whether the European traditions which have so remarkably demonstrated their power of survival in France, Switzerland, in Austria, and even in eastern Germany, are strong enough to stand up to the brutal pressure of west German efficiency and to standardisation and mechanisation on which that efficiency rests. May I say, Street, you will recall it was once said, 'is the climax of civilisation', but who is going to sacrifice his life for that prosperous but dreary emptiness? European civilisation as we know it is a product not of uniformity but of rich diversity and regional differentiation; it draws sustenance from roots anchored deep in valley, in county, in land, in province. And we should ask, can it survive the cutting of these roots, the destruction of tradition, and the growth of cosmopolitan uniformity? You may reply that the issue is not as simple as that; that it is rather a question of sacrificing the ornaments of European civilisation, of unifying and standardising European society, in order that we may prosper and survive at all. But is not that a simplification also? It is hardly an accident that nowhere, since 1945, has there been more talk of European unity and of European unification than in western Germany, and yet nowhere, I suspect, has there been less understanding of what Europe really means.

Erratic German Pendulum

For Germans, Europe is the antithesis, the negation of the separate nationalities. The sudden new German enthusiasm for European unity is really the expression of the German need to find a substitute for the stop-gap for the German national aspirations which collapsed in 1918. It is another example of the swing of the German pendulum, erratic and unstable, from one extreme to the other. But other peoples of Europe further and have a better idea of what Europe implies. They realise that European values are not the opposite or the negation of national values, but their completion, and for that reason, not, as so often assumed, out of narrow lack of vision, they are reluctant to sacrifice their national identity and their own national cultures to what is at best a hypothesis and may be an illusion. For it seems at least possible that Europe, unless it preserves and develops the regional and national groupings and traditions by which it has been shaped, may find itself incapable of more than colonial status, or of the weary semi-existence which Greece endured under Roman domination. It is easy, after all, for Germans, whose national gods have proved to be idols with feet of clay, to adapt themselves to the new age of towering world powers. But other peoples of Europe still have something—a living inheritance—to preserve. What is a country profited, they seem to say, if it shall conquer the whole world, and lose its own soul?—*Third Programme*

The Annual Register of World Events: a Review of the Year 1954 (London, 105s.) has just been published. Edited by Ivison S. Macadam, the review sets forth Home, Commonwealth, and Foreign Affairs, the United Nations, Chronicle of Events, Literature and the Arts, Science, Finance, Trade and Industry, Law and Public Documents, Brief Obituaries. Among the contributors are: Norman Bentwich (Israel), D. E. Butler (United States), C. E. Carrington (Colonial Empire), Alan Clutton-Brock (Africa), Muriel Grindrod (Italy), Mary Agnes Hamilton (Broadcasting), R. H. Hawtrey (European Economic Co-operation), Dyneley Hussey (Middle East), F. C. Jones (Japan, Korea), George Kirk (Middle East Defence), the League of Nations, Hugh Latimer (Foreign History), Sir Francis (India), D. N. Lowe (Science), C. A. Macartney (Hungary), A. F. Macdonald (Ceylon), Nicholas Mansergh (Commonwealth), Roger Manvell (Cinema), D. C. Somervell (History of the United Kingdom), J. M. Richards (Architecture), Michael Swan (Literature), and J. B. Trend (Spain, Portugal).

An Opportunity for a Settlement in Europe?

By WILLIAM CLARK

THE whole international scene has changed almost beyond recognition in the month which has passed since this series of talks was interrupted by the General Election. The change that has taken place is in Russian policy: it is not necessarily irreversible; it does not make Russia overnight a friend instead of a hostile neighbour—but it is at least a change in her methods of obtaining her aims. In the past ten years the Soviet Union has exerted an absolutely steady pressure outwards, westwards into Europe, a pressure that the west has had to use all its strength and all its unity to resist. There are now unmistakable signs that that pressure is ceasing. This is the most significant fact since the end of the war.

Evidence of a Change in Russian Policy

What is the evidence? First, the acceptance of the Austrian peace treaty, which Mr. Molotov signed last month in Vienna. By this Russia has gained considerable popularity in Austria. But it has meant—or rather when the treaty is ratified it will mean—the withdrawal of Russian troops from a forward bastion. That, as Mr. Dulles pointed out, is the first such move in Europe since the end of the war; it is the first time Russian outward pressure has been reversed.

The second item of evidence is the Russian proposals on disarmament which suddenly saved the disarmament conference from extinction. The third piece of evidence of a change in Russian policy is last week's visit to Yugoslavia by Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin. Here, owing to Marshal Tito's firmness, the Russians had to pay a high price to get very little. The price was a public avowal that Tito the heretic had been right, that Moscow had been wrong, and that heresy in the communist world was all right anyway. In return, Russia can claim only that at least they have got on to terms with Yugoslavia again.

But I would like to add that in my personal opinion this is quite a gain for Russia. The turn-about towards Tito has been a shock to the orthodox communists in the satellite countries; but a party which swallowed Stalin's pact with Hitler will not strain at swallowing a little thing like an agreement with Tito. And, though we do not like to admit it, it does loosen Yugoslavia's links with the west, just because it ends her isolation. To take a rather wild parallel: suppose Mr. Dulles were to fly to Peking, be received by Mr. Mao Tse-tung, explain that all the trouble between America and China had been due to those enemies of the people, Senators Knowland and McCarthy, and promise good relations in the future. If you can imagine that (it is rather an effort), I hope you can see that one immediate result would be that China's alliance with Russia would be greatly weakened because China would have the choice of alliances, and would not be forced into the arms of Russia. Is that too wild a parallel with Yugoslavia?

What has happened, I believe, is that Mr. Molotov has realised that Russia will benefit if the line-up of the world into two hostile blocs is ended. He sees that at present this is simply leading to the isolation of Russia, and the unification of the free world against communism. Whatever other motives there may be behind the new Russian policy, it is clear that it is aimed at trying to produce some relaxation of tension between Russia and the rest of the world. The idea of a neutral belt in Europe, to include Austria and Yugoslavia in the south, Sweden and Finland in the north, and finally to be joined by a neutral Germany in the centre—that is only one expression of this desire to relax tension, so that Russia can escape from the consequences of having united half the world against her.

What should our response be in the west to this new situation? I hope, first, that we shall not be frightened by success, or too paralysed by suspicion. Russian policy has changed, it has shifted its immediate objectives, and it has done that because the west has been successful in building up a position of strength. Let us remember that the changed Russian attitude came as soon as it was clear that western Germany had become a part of the Atlantic Alliance. But, on the other hand, do not let us imagine that whatever Russia wants is against our interest; do not let us be so suspicious that we seem to the world to be unwilling to allow any relaxation of tension.

What are the western interests? What do we want and how do we get it? To begin with, clearly any relaxation of tension, any move away from war, is in our interest, so long as it is a real move away from war and not just a dropping of our guard. Any settlement in Europe must be carefully worked out to ensure that it will last, because it is based on solid foundations of power and not on misplaced trust.

The method which has been chosen for making this settlement is a four-power conference, and that method has been accepted by the Russians, so that it now seems almost certain that there will be a meeting at the summit in July or August. This whole subject has been so involved in politics recently that it is necessary to get straight just what is planned. The reason for having the heads of Governments meet is not that they will be able to solve the problems of the world by themselves. Their meeting will be brief—three or four days—and inconclusive; all they hope to do at best is to demonstrate that the four powers really do wish for a settlement, and then to turn over the job of working out a settlement to their Foreign Ministers. But the Foreign Ministers will not produce a new world in a week; all they can attempt is to establish a pattern of future conferences which can, so to speak, gradually dismantle the cold war and build a lasting settlement in its place.

So, ten years after VE-Day, we are at last beginning to hold a peace conference, and to produce the outlines of a post-war world. It is that formidable but hopeful fact which is causing the Foreign Office, the State Department, and the Quai d'Orsay to undertake a basic reappraisal of their policies. Two problems stand out: disarmament and the future of Germany. The Russian proposals on disarmament accept so much of the western position that for the first time disarmament is a real issue and not just a manoeuvre in the cold war. Suddenly we have to consider plans for a security system with inspections and safeguards, so thorough and far reaching that it would almost mean the beginnings of a world governmental authority. At present our thinking on this has not gone far.

On the future of Germany there has been more thought. Clearly the Russian offer, which is emerging, is that Germany should be reunified on condition that it, like Austria, agreed to join no military alliance. For the Russians that would mean dismantling their rickety regime in east Germany. For us it would mean dismantling the whole of our Nato bases in Germany, where are to be found virtually the whole of the American and British troops in Europe. We would lose the alliance of 50,000,000 Germans, Russia would lose her domination over 18,000,000 rebellious Germans. That in itself is not an attractive bargain. But it would be dangerous just to say 'no'; or to stand pat on our old position that after Germany is reunited by free elections she will be free to choose her own alliance. That way the west could seem to be purely obstructive. What are our plans for a balance of power in Europe? If we would not agree to neutralise Germany in return for the freedom of east Germany, would we do so if Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary were equally freed from their imposed Communist Governments?

Subtle and Elastic

It is re-thinking of our policies on this scale that is now needed. Russia is changing her policies, has a subtlety and elasticity that she has never had before. Can we match it? If, as I think, Europe is back in the melting-pot, have we moulded for its future as a free and happy continent in a free world? Never since the end of the war have there been such opportunities, never has it been so important that we, the people and the Governments in the west, should see clearly what offers and know what we want.—*Home Service*

The Cecil Peace Prize of £100 is offered to students under twenty-five for an essay on some subject connected with the maintenance of international peace. This year's subject and other details may be obtained from the David Davies Memorial Institute of International Studies, 34 Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

After the talks in Belgrade

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Books in Schools

BOOKS are not luxuries, to be gazed at longingly through glass windows and regretfully passed by. They are essentials, and nowhere more so than in the school. That is a quotation from an able pamphlet written by Mr. H. C. Dent and just published by the National Book League*. Books in schools are broadly of two kinds: text-books from which the child works and which the teacher follows in a curriculum; and books available in the school library which the keen and intelligent child is encouraged to take away and read. Text-books today are usually of a high quality. They are expensive to produce as they require tables, maps, or elaborate printing, and they have, or ought to have, strong covers to meet inevitable battering. On the other hand, they are a source of income to publishers; a good text-book may be more profitable than dozens of potential best-sellers or 'prestige' books. The problem for the school or teacher, as Mr. Dent points out, is to discover the best text-books among many that may be on offer from a substantial number of competing educational publishers. For it is not enough that the book should be well arranged and up to date, its printing must be first rate and its illustrations clear in every detail. The final result is the test by which the production department of a good publishing house stands or falls.

The furnishing of the school library is another problem. Here most private schools of reputation have the advantage. The library of a great school like Rugby or Wellington is a subject of pride and among the first places shown to impress visitors. But in the ordinary state school or state-aided school that is by no means always the case. Mr. Dent quotes a recent pamphlet on *The School Library* published by the Ministry of Education which states that 'the idea of the school library is only now making its way into our system of education'. It is suggested that the basic outlay needed for a library in a grammar school is £1,500, for a modern school £1,000, and for a primary school £750. That means that some thousands of books are wanted, according to the variety of subjects taught and allowing for a selection of good light literature—the proper enemy of the 'horror comic'. But how many school libraries have as many as 1,000 books? 'Many so-called libraries', writes Mr. Dent, 'still consist of little more than a few shelves of indifferent fiction'.

There is evidence of a wider appreciation of the importance of books in schools. The Minister of Education made the point in a recent debate in the House of Commons. After the war, when books were scarce and the educational authorities were concentrating on the question of training teachers and finding accommodation to meet the requirements of the new Education Act, books were often dealt with, or had to be dealt with, in a make-shift way. Now, books are plentiful, if somewhat more costly than they used to be. Moreover, a growing realisation exists that though schools broadcasting and television, when it comes into the schools, are valuable new aids to education, they need to be accompanied by more and not less reading. At present, Mr. Dent estimates, the average education rate is 7s. 10d., of which 3d. is spent on books in schools. Obviously there is scope for expansion. Unless literature is regarded as obsolete—and surely that is unthinkable—the children of today should be encouraged by every means to read not merely from duty but as a pleasure.

* *Books in Your School*. Cambridge University Press, 2s.

THE SOVIET-YUGOSLAV DECLARATION in Belgrade, followed by the Soviet leaders' talks with Bulgarian, Rumanian, Hungarian, and Czechoslovak Communist leaders, led many commentators to speculate as to whether the Soviet grip on the satellite states would be relaxed as a result of the Soviet-Yugoslav exchanges. According to the *communiqué* broadcast from Bucharest on June 5, 'all points of international politics touched on' in the Belgrade declaration were discussed when the Soviet leaders visited Bucharest on their way home. The *communiqué* added that the leaders of Rumania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia (those from the last two states having been hastily summoned to Bucharest) welcomed the Soviet-Yugoslav agreement and expressed their hope and conviction that friendly co-operation between their countries and Yugoslavia would also be achieved, in the interest of the further consolidation of 'peace and socialism'.

Meanwhile, throughout the week, one satellite leader or spokesman after another expressed indignation at the American proposal to discuss the fate of the satellites at the forthcoming four-power talks. These Communist spokesmen heatedly declared that these countries were 'free', 'sovereign', 'independent' nations, whose regimes enjoyed 'the will of the people'. In the words of a Czechoslovak broadcast, no international conference could 'discuss what has been decided by the free will of our nations', so any 'fantastic' proposal to do so was designed to wreck the four-power conference.

Before the signing of the Belgrade declaration on June 2, Yugoslav broadcasts, quoting *Borba*, said that numerous differences of approach between the Soviet and Yugoslav leaders had emerged in the talks, but it seemed that common points could be found on the principles on which Soviet-Yugoslav relations could be developed. After the signing of the declaration, both *Borba* and *Pravda* (as quoted from Moscow) expressed great satisfaction at the outcome of the talks. According to *Pravda*, the declaration meant the dashing of the hopes of those 'hostile forces' who wished to exploit the discord between the two countries.

Soviet broadcasts laid great stress on the joyful welcome which the Yugoslav people were said to have given to the Soviet leaders. However, a Yugoslav commentator from radio Ljubljana pointed out that the Soviet leaders were not the only visitors to Yugoslavia at that time: the chief of the Greek General Staff, an Indian parliamentary delegation, and a commodore of the Burmese Navy were also present. Moscow radio broadcast a *Pravda* dispatch from Zagreb, where the Soviet leaders had inspected an electrical works, and quoted Mr. Khrushchev:

If you think your practical methods are good, we wish you success. As far as we are concerned, we shall, I think, apply our own methods but I suppose we could both usefully study in more detail each other's experiences and adopt what we shall find of value. But this is a voluntary matter.

One of the clauses in the Belgrade declaration which particularly interested western commentators was that 'different forms of socialist development are solely the concern of individual countries'. They wondered how the Soviet satellite states would be permitted to interpret this. From Italy, the independent newspaper *La Stampa* was quoted for the view that the Kremlin's recognition of Tito's national brand of communism was of far-reaching importance, because it offered an example which could become dangerous as far as the European satellites were concerned. The fact that Marshal Bulganin, and not Mr. Khrushchev (the leader of the Soviet delegation) signed the Belgrade declaration was widely interpreted by western commentators as a defeat for Mr. Khrushchev's aim of holding the talks on a party, rather than a government, level.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The Muscovites came hat in hand to Belgrade to apologise and ask forgiveness. The lesson of this successful defiance of Moscow will not be ignored in other countries, and the repercussions of that lesson may yet form an important feature of the years ahead.

Considerable publicity was given by Moscow and satellite broadcasts to the strikes in Britain. A *Pravda* dispatch from London spoke of the 'staunchness with which the railwaymen are continuing their struggle, despite the emergency proclamation', and 'all kinds of pressure exerted against the strikers'. According to another Soviet broadcast, the increasing number of strikes were due to 'the increasing burden of taxation piled on the British workers' as a result 'of the sums lavishly allocated by the Government to the armaments race'.

Did You Hear That?

MARIE ANTOINETTE

AN EXHIBITION has been opened at the Palace of Versailles which portrays, on a scale never before attempted, the life of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, wife of King Louis XVI. The pictures, letters, furniture, silks, and toys which illustrate her life up to its end on the guillotine have come from private homes and museums throughout France, and also from abroad. PETER RALEIGH spoke about the exhibition in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The rooms of the Palace where Marie Antoinette lived after her marriage to the Dauphin of France', he said, 'have been arranged in more or less historical sequence: first, the surroundings where Marie Antoinette was brought up—Austria—the innocent picture painted by Marie Antoinette's sister, showing the Emperor Francis I in slippers by the fire, Marie Antoinette herself not yet eight, somewhat prim as she holds up her doll for inspection, her young brother eating biscuits on the floor, pictures of her mother, Maria Theresa, of the Palace at Schoenbrunn, the people and the places she was to miss so much in later life at the Court of France. In one of the larger rooms are the huge tapestries which decorated the tent at Strasbourg, where she symbolically shed her past life as an Austrian and became a French Princess. There are the official documents concerning her marriage in 1770 to the Dauphin, the plans showing where visitors' carriages are to be parked at the wedding, police instructions to shopkeepers to shut their shops and celebrate; the entry in the parish register; the loyal addresses and the wedding presents; and soon afterwards there are the slightly homesick letters to her relations far away. Then, life at the French Court at Versailles with her music, her harp decorated with painted flowers, the harpsichord, and with her children. Portraits of the Queen come thick and fast now. They differ in quality and in the extent to which they are idealised, but most of them portray the Queen with rather pale blue eyes and a prominent nose, her expression simple and open.

'The outward splendour of the life she lived can be seen by the jewellery she wore, by the shining diamond and sapphire necklace which the Emperor Napoleon was later to buy to give to Josephine de Beauharnais, by the plans for the garden fêtes and by the furniture and ornaments with which she was surrounded. Still ticking away is the clock which is believed once to have adorned Versailles and is now in the possession of Her Majesty the Queen: it is a shining black bust of a red-lipped negress with a gilt turban whose revolving eyes, engraved with Roman and Arabic numerals, tell the time. There are other, less flamboyant, possessions of the Court of Marie Antoinette which have their charm. The dog kennel, for example, in faded blue plush with its soft cushion, that seems to make the phrase "a dog's life" take on a different meaning; the tattered, pointed, satin boots that the Queen once wore. By this stage of the exhibition, the rumble of the impending revolution can be heard. The Queen writes of the "difficult time through which we are passing", and rather pathetically relates how some people in a crowd had shown them signs of affection.

'The contents of the last room of the exhibition contrast oddly with their royal setting. They come from the days of Marie Antoinette's imprisonment. Among them are the wooden spoon with which she ate and part of the brick



The Palace of Versailles: an early nineteenth-century print

which was heated up to warm her feet. And in one case is a small wrinkled glove which Marie Antoinette kept as a memory of her son'.

FOLK SONGS OF THE EAST

'I have always thought that folk songs should be living songs, and not curiosities as they so often are in the western world. And that is what delighted me in India, Ceylon, and Pakistan—nations which are still predominantly agricultural', said BILL NEWNHAM, in a talk in the Home Service. 'Folk songs there do really reflect the day-to-day life of the great majority of people.

'One of the commonest types of folk song was the work song, which has not changed in centuries, because the type of work is still the same. In Ceylon, where rice is the staple diet, there is a wealth of songs about the cultivation of the paddy fields. The ploughman, in one song, talks

to his bulls as they draw a primitive wooden plough through flooded fields. The driver flatters them by calling them little brothers, and his clucking sounds of encouragement are much the same as you will hear in any country. The song depicts his later impatience with the slow speed of the animals, and, finally, the ploughman, hot with the tropical sun, changes his description of the oxen from brothers to silly old fools.

'India possesses dozens of tuneful spinning songs, particularly in the north, where exciting spinning festivals are staged and where the women are very proud of their skill. Some of them told me that the soothing sound of the spinning wheel helped them to remember the words of the songs. They certainly regard the spinning wheel as a personal friend, and talk to it as they spin.

'Kashmir is famous for its love songs, probably because of the great natural beauty of the countryside. But every country has its love songs, in which the beauty of the beloved was compared to the things country folk know best.

'Naturally, love songs and work songs are only two of many types. There is, I was told, a song for every occasion and season, for every



'Marie Antoinette and her Children', after the painting by Vigée Le Brun in the Musée de Versailles

time of the day, a song for every age from birth to death, as well as devotional songs and those used at great religious and ceremonial occasions. Many of them are hard for a westerner to appreciate at first hearing, for the eastern octave possesses a far greater range of tones or notes than ours in the west. But if you know the story of a folk song and can see and hear the musicians in their own setting, appreciation follows quickly. One interesting feature was that many old folk songs or tunes have already been saved by new words. Great poets, like Tagore in India and Latif Bhittai in Pakistan, have wedded their words to old tunes. In much the same way, the words of Burns and Moore saved many beautiful Scottish and Irish folk songs in Great Britain'.

MEMORIES OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS

In a Home Service talk JOCELYN BRADFORD recalled early days in the Royal Flying Corps. The first four squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps went out to France in August, 1914.

'Those squadrons', he said, 'were numbers two, three, four, and five. They provided the first casualties the Air Force, as we know it today, was to suffer. An aircraft crashed fatally on its way to France on August 17. Eight days later another from Number Five Squadron was shot down near Maubeuge by the Germans, and in the meanwhile a Blériot plane of Number Three Squadron limped back home with her observer, Sergeant Major Jellings, wounded in the leg.

'Those were the days when such great pilots as Louis Strange first thought of the idea of mounting a Lewis gun on their plane and were told to "take the damned thing off"; when pilots and observers invented their own bombs, and one of them even went so far as to fix up a grenade on to a wire and tried to drop it on to an enemy fuselage. They were the days which gave the name "Archie"—that has never quite

died out—to any form of anti-aircraft battery. They saw, too, a couple of enthusiastic Sapper subalterns experimenting with wireless communication from the air, so that within nine months from that sorry day of August 4, 1914, the air could be in touch with the ground at will. In those months also aerial photography was to be born.

'It was in an August two years later that I first joined a fighting squadron of the R.F.C. I had spent a few months being horribly sick from a kite balloon in the Ypres salient in order to achieve my ambition. It was worth it.

'Number One Squadron is known today wherever the R.A.F. is acknowledged. It is paradoxically not the oldest squadron in the service. That is the prerogative of Number Two, and either squadron will tell you, violently, if you get it wrong. But Number One is the oldest flying unit of the R.A.F. It represents the old, man-lifting kites of the Sappers of pre-Boer War days. It was a squadron in which one could not help being happy. It was stationed on an L-shaped grass aerodrome adjoining the Asylum at Bailleul. I was going to say rashly that it had the pick of the pilots of the R.F.C. of those days. It believed it had, certainly. But at times the squadron would admit that Numbers Three and Sixty Squadrons could also fly a bit. The reason was that all these squadrons were alone in flying one or another of three types of French-made aircraft notoriously light on the controls'.

THEATRE MANNERS

'In the prologue which he wrote for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1747, Dr. Johnson said: "The Drama's Laws, the Drama's patrons give". I do not think that is true any more; not in the way that Dr. Johnson meant', said BRIAN HAYES, in a Home Service talk. 'In his time, the drama's patrons ruled the theatre in a definite, unmistakable, and usually rowdy way. They ruled as masters, as a mob, as a sort of committee of dictatorship, and they were very jealous of their power and prerogatives. Not only did they concern themselves over the merits

of a play or the quality of the performance, but also over the general management of the theatre—its prices, the actor's clothes, the way he chose to say a particular speech or line, his appearance, voice, and gestures, and even his private life.

'Nowadays, members of an audience attending a play arrive comparatively punctually, sit quietly and politely in their seats, laugh or clap not only when they feel like it but when such signs of appreciation seem to be expected and, at the end, suffer the actors to present themselves for a "call" which they sometimes do not want and usually have not demanded. Georgian audiences, on the other hand, were in almost every respect entirely opposite from what we are today.

'In those days it was essential to the sporting instincts of the public that the great tragedians should be rivals—and few things were more profitable to managers than to bring them together in the same play so that they could do battle. Almost anything that happened on the stage would be liable to interruption from the audience. A speech well delivered, a new bit of "business", a new reading—the whole progress of the play might be punctuated by shouts of approval, or hissing, or cries of "Off, Off!" And the performers were expected to respond. If applauded in the middle of a speech, they would bow acknowledgments and thanks; if hissed they would very likely come forward and make a personal address appealing for clemency. For instance, *The British Stage and Literary Cabinet* reports that, on January 2,

1820, during the presentation of "Othello" at Drury Lane,

Mr. Pope, who played Iago, being deservedly hissed, came forward and addressed the audience saying that during service of five and thirty years, he had never neglected his duty, and that although he might now be deemed unfit to perform many of the characters he had formerly sustained with credit, he could assure the audience that he did not appear in them from choice. His circumstances, he was sorry to say, did not admit of

him quitting the stage. He then shed a few tears and proceeded with the part.

'Audiences loved to feel their power. For any real, or fancied slight they would force the actor to apologise—often on his knees. They were extraordinarily conservative, regarding any break with traditional interpretations, unless justified by exceptional ability, as presumptuous and insulting, and a jolly good opportunity for making a row. When Charles Macklin, in 1773, played Macbeth in the correct Scottish costume instead of the scarlet and gold tunic, with full-bottomed wig—which all his predecessors, including Garrick, had worn—he was met with a "perfect storm of disapprobation". The riot which ensued became so serious that eventually one of the actors came on with a blackboard—since no one could make himself heard—on which had been chalked the words: "At the command of the public, Macklin is discharged". And after forcing the manager to come forward and confirm this the play was allowed to be continued.

'It was not only in theatrical matters that the patron exercised his will over the players. He thought it right to concern himself with their private lives as well. When he was a young man, before he had appeared in London, Macready found it necessary, on account of a libel which had been pinned to the theatre where he was playing, to make public denial from the stage that he had ill-treated the lady who was playing opposite him in "Antony and Cleopatra".

'Dressed for his part of Antony, he took Cleopatra by the hand and brought her forward.

"Have I ever behaved to you in an ungentleman-like manner?"

"No, sir", declared Cleopatra. And the audience cheered.

"It is unnecessary to ask", said the noble Roman, "but have I ever kicked you?"

"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Cleopatra.

'The audience cheered again, and the play began'.



An army aeroplane taking off on Salisbury Plain in 1913

Picture Post Library

Delinquent Worlds

By W. J. H. SPROTT

THE enormous mass of research into the causes of delinquency has three lines of approach. First, there is the statistical approach, in which either the official statistics are subjected to further analysis, or the investigator takes a group of delinquents and a group of non-delinquents and compares them with respect to factors which he believes to be significant, and these factors may be psychological or environmental. The second approach is the case-history type of enquiry, in which delinquents are subjected to intensive study in order to find out precisely how their delinquent behaviour fits into the general pattern of their lives. This approach, however, has its dangers. The cases are likely to be chosen either from those whose delinquency is so serious that they have been sent to some institution, or from those who have been referred to the psychiatrist for special treatment. So it is not surprising to learn that such young persons are thoroughly maladjusted. The danger is that we generalise from such cases. Indeed, only the other day, I heard a psychiatrist declare that all delinquents were 'seriously disturbed'. Anyone who has had any contact with delinquents in an unofficial capacity will hesitate to accept such a view. What seems odd about them is not that they are miserable at home, not that they are embittered by a lack of love, but that they simply have different standards from one's own. They seem in some ways to belong to different worlds.

Stealing and 'Fiddling'

This is where the third type of research comes in, what I will call the 'social-background' research. It takes two forms: first, research into the physical character of the environment from which the delinquents mostly come, and then research into the general climate of opinion prevailing in the society to which the delinquents belong. What are their standards? What do they take for granted? I remember as a child hearing about a little boy, not of course a little boy I knew in the social sense of 'knowing', who had stolen from a shop. We knew, again not in the social sense, the family; we knew the shop. I remember my mother's reaction when my father told her of the crime. 'My dear', she exclaimed, not perhaps strictly truthfully, 'I never heard of such a thing'. Nor, in some sense, had I. It was unthinkable to steal from a shop. It was not something one considered or rejected, like going into one's neighbour's field, at one end of which was a slaughter-house. No, it would never enter one's head. And now, contrast this 'unthinkableness' with the case of a young man who came to see me the other day. He had just got a job, driving a coal lorry. His predecessor had been sacked for delivering at his own house coal which was destined for a customer. My young friend described the conversation with his employer when he was 'set on'. 'He told me', he said, 'not to be such a fool as the other bloke, just for a few bob. If it were a matter of pounds, well, that's different, but when it comes to fiddling on the coal you can't make more than a few bob, and it isn't worth it'. I never heard of such a thing—but he had. In some sense we lived in different worlds.

A Sub-Culture in a City

It is obviously difficult to find out about the standards and terms of thought and conventions of any group to which one does not belong. Because it is difficult, and because the results of any enquiry are bound to be imprecise and impressionistic, there are few studies that throw any light on the subject of these sub-cultural differences. But now we have Mr. Mays' book called *Growing Up in the City*.^{*} Mr. J. B. Mays, who is the Warden of the Liverpool University Settlement, gained the confidence of eighty boys who were members of the same boys' club. Thirty of them had appeared before the courts, twenty-two would have been if they had been caught, thirteen went in only for 'lorry-skipping', and the rest had untarnished careers. Not one of them, we gather, could be described as maladjusted. In fact, as Mr. Mays puts it, the delinquent behaviour of the majority was 'not so much a symptom of maladjustment as of adjustment to a sub-culture in conflict with the culture of the city as a whole'. In spite of the depressing

surroundings in which they lived, 'the majority of the homes', says Mr. Mays, 'are good, and the majority of the parents are decent people'. He stresses, too, the 'warmth of their social life and human relationships'.

Delinquency, however, we are told, 'has become almost a social tradition'. But, interestingly enough, 'delinquency is for the majority a phase and an episode'. They grow out of it. The delinquent culture characterises boys between the ages of seven and eighteen. The majority, in Mr. Mays' experience, think better of it when they get more socially mature. As to the culture itself, one has to think oneself into it, just as one has to try to think oneself into any world with which one is not familiar, whether it be the world of golfers or Trobriand Islanders. The little boy of seven or eight grows up to know that home, happy though it may be, is not the place for him to spend his leisure time in. He spends it with his mates, who live in the same street or go to the same school. They play cards for money and bet on the horses, they have a passion for football, they go about in little gangs, and there are ways and means of getting money and goods which require enterprise and courage. All this may involve taking risks, but among your mates risk-taking carries prestige, and if you are 'dared' you let yourself down if you do not 'do'.

The main sources of loot, which can be either consumed, given away as presents, or sold, are lorries and the larger shops. You know that you are breaking the law, of course, but you get a kick out of it. It 'makes you sweat', as one of Mr. Mays' informants said, but it gives you a thrill, and when it comes off you can boast to your friends. About breaking and entering, opinion seems to differ. It is not exactly wrong, but frightfully risky. If you belong to a group that goes that far, you keep it to yourself, and if you do not belong to it you are careful to be in respectable company when they are on a job. It is rather like a man who might boast to his friends about his ingenuity in manipulating his expenses, but would not reveal a falsification of his accounts. But let no one think that it is a lawless society. By no means—it could not keep together if it were. You must not pinch from your pals, it is rather a dirty trick to pinch things from old people and from little shops kept by a man and his wife, and under no circumstances should you give your 'Mum' a present that has been stolen.

Morals of a Coalman

It is of great importance to appreciate the virtues of groups who differ from our standard, middle-class culture, as well as what we are pleased to call their vices. Sometimes they are not easy to disentangle. I remember another friend of mine, also at the time the driver of a coal cart. He explained to me, as to a half-wit, how one fiddled an extra bag or so to sell on one's own account. One filled a spare bag from the six bags one had to deliver to a customer, taking a little out of each bag. This was necessary because it was quite on the cards that the 'old geyser' would count the bags you emptied into her coal hole. 'Easy as falling off a log', said George. I chose the occasion for a moral argument. 'This means', I said, 'that the customer got five hundredweight and paid for six'. 'Ah', said George; his pupil was coming on. 'Now', said I, 'supposing you delivered six hundredweight to me, full bags, and then came in the night and stole one of them, surely . . . ?' George was horrified. 'But you don't understand', he said, 'that would be stealing. What I'm talking about is business'.

Such are the standards about you, as you grow up, until you reach the age of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen. Then you may very well give it up. Mr. Mays suggests that your sympathies broaden out and you think of the harm and inconvenience you are causing, or else you realise more clearly the dangers: it is not worth it.

What gives rise to such a culture? At least two things stand out in Mr. Mays' account: the need for money and the pressure of grey, unrelieved boredom, and perhaps the latter is more important. If only they had something else to do, which was as exciting as shop-lifting; it would not perhaps matter so much if it were less rewarding financially.

I must make it clear that I am not thinking (and Mr. Mays is not

^{*} Liverpool University Press, 17s. 6d.

thinking) of boys and girls brought up to a 'career of crime', as they say. I am not thinking of Fagin's kitchen. Mr. Mays' boys and my friends would resent, and rightly, being thought of as criminals. They are imperfectly respectable people whose standards do not exactly coincide with the official standards of the larger society in which they live. Indeed, the larger society with its official standards might be said to be made up of sub-cultures which deviate in their own special way from the high ideal. White-collar offences, however, do not achieve such publicity, save in a few spectacular cases, as do the offences of the society with which I am concerned. Again, this does not mean that Mr. Mays, or I for that matter, takes such delinquency lightly. It is a damned nuisance. But the means taken for prevention of delinquency which springs from what we might call a delinquent environment are different from the measures to be taken with boys and girls whose conduct is a symptom of severe maladjustment.

This matter of delinquent worlds, if I may use the expression, is of particular interest to me because we have been doing some research at the University of Nottingham into this very subject. It has not been published but the report of it, entitled *The Social Background of Delinquency*, can be borrowed by anyone who is interested, from the University Library. It was financed by the Rockefeller Trust and the research workers were Miss Pearl Jephcott and Mr. Carter. For some time a small group of us in Nottingham had been impressed by the fact that when we mapped out the incidence of delinquency in the neighbouring towns, the dots on the map were not just scattered at random, but concentrated in certain areas. What, we wondered, was odd about such areas? Did they have, apart from, but including, the delinquents themselves, a culture which differed from that of the neighbouring streets?

We concentrated on a particular town. We selected streets, some having a so-called 'bad' record, others a good. Take two such streets: Gladstone Road and Dyke Street. In Gladstone Road there were six households in which some irregularity was to be found, in Dyke Street there were forty-four. The difference in way of life, or culture, as between the two was remarkable, though both of them were what we should call working-class streets. Life in Dyke Street is more, perhaps 'impetuous' is the word, than it is in Gladstone Road. The children are shabbily dressed except on special occasions, though it is pretty certain that more money is coming in than is the case in Gladstone Road. And apropos of money, it is a constant preoccupation with grown-ups and children alike. You do not run errands for nothing, and you boast that Mum and Dad would give you what you wanted for the asking—and they do, pretty well, to close your trap. Everyone goes in for immediate spending whenever any money comes their way. They are great ones for giving presents, like Mr. Mays' lads. They are free in their speech, free with their shouts, and free in their sexual relations. They are, compared with middle-class standards, unreliable, promising

recklessly and breaking their promises. As to delinquency, Miss Jephcott writes:

The children were not clear, often, as to what stealing really meant. Pinching little things was not stealing. A person who would not stoop to £20 lying about in the room, was described as almost odd, or anyone of unparalleled honesty. In fact, therefore, the children might well be excused for a certain amount of thieving, since what was, and what was not, stealing was so vague.

Not so in Gladstone Road: there, 'stealing is stealing, and the children have to be taught that it is wrong as early as possible'. But the standards of Gladstone Road are so different. Money is saved for the future, children must be taught its value. They are not to be given it just for the asking. They keep themselves to themselves in Gladstone Road; no gossiping on the doorsteps there. They live, or might say, in a different dimension of time; they think for the future, they plan ahead. Above all, they think of their children as presenting a problem—the problem of bringing up. In Dyke Street they just grow. The parents of both streets thought children were less obedient than they were when they were children, but for Gladstone Road this is a serious problem, for Dyke Street it is just an additional nuisance.

It might be said that this is merely repetition of the old story, that delinquency, when it occurs, is owing to the family. Of course it is—the family brought the little wretches into the world. But the point I am trying to make is that it is not only the parents and the emotional ties between them and their children that matter, it is the whole set of standards and attitudes that are common currency in the household, in the yard, near the door, in the street, that counts. The delinquency risks are higher in Dyke Street not because the children are trying to get away from some intolerable emotional situations but because delinquency is a serious and considered possibility, and because life is lived very much in the present. If it comes to 'seriously disturbed children', I myself would expect to find them in Gladstone Road.

And what, if anything, ought to be done? Mr. Mays has some very sensible suggestions and pays tribute to the work of the Juvenile Liaison Officers of Liverpool. But, if I am right in suggesting that whole streets may produce a delinquent atmosphere, then the Chicago Area Project is right when it says: 'Change the street!' But how? There is a great difficulty. Dyke Street is certainly capable of collective effort; the Coronation decorations, for example, won them second prize for the whole town. Whereas the Gladstone Road effort was deplorable. A solution is, perhaps, the neighbourhood groups which are a feature of Chinese and Japanese urban life, who hold themselves collectively responsible for the misdeeds of any one of them. But whatever is done for my own part, while I would like to see Dyke Street a bit steadier, a bit more inspired by social aspirations, I must say I hope that it will never lose that warmth and spontaneous generosity which, for me, excuse a good many of its shortcomings.—*Third Programme*

Thomas Mann's Place in German Literature

An appreciation by ERICH HELLER on the novelist's eightieth birthday

IT was some time in the late nineteen-twenties that I first came across Thomas Mann. I grew up then in a Europe which, only just recovering from a great war, made ready for a new catastrophe. *Tonio Kröger* was the story I read, and I was instantly captivated. The story spoke to me, and not only to me, with the urgency of *tua res agitur*, and was not less compelling for not 'urging' anything in tone or gesture. Nor was the immediate appeal due to the flattery to which young readers are so easily susceptible when they find their private worries and idiosyncracies sanctioned by the publicity of literature. For this '*tua res*' was truly a '*res*', a thing, an intimation of destiny. It mattered.

But what matters? Tonio Kröger's voice was the familiar voice to which one had come to respond without effort or embarrassment; the educated voice which had learned so well to ask 'What matters?' with every overtone of scepticism, distrust, and finely controlled despair; it was one's own inner voice which early in life had whispered down the speech-day platitudes of the classics master, and later in life would speak in hushed asides, anxious not to be drowned by the hollow echo

from inside the larger words; the voice which felt its way in cautious articulation through the maze of broken pieces left behind by the explosion of the grand vocabulary. Wary, disillusioned, ironical, skirting in a movement of sad elegance the capital letters of the high virtues which had taken on the look of capital lies, Tonio Kröger's voice spoke of great and everlasting things. For *Tonio Kröger* is the story of a young man who, in his time and place, asks the question which matters most, the old simple and hard question of how to attain the good life. And as it is in his time and place that he is asking the question, he is forced also to ask: is the good life at all attainable?

Today the student of German literature is likely to grow a little restive when asked to contemplate once more 'the artist with a guilty conscience', the scruples of the bourgeois writer. The horns of the old dilemma—art and life—have perhaps become rather blunt with so much critical attention, and artist and society may be entitled to a little rest from the persistent dialectical bother. But it will always be time to talk, if talk one must, about that which lies behind the immediate personal occasion of Tonio Kröger's uneasiness. For his is only one

particular case of the uneasiness which, in one form or another, stirs and drives most of the heroes of Thomas Mann's stories and novels over the thousands of pages of their eloquent destinies. The surprising momentum of Tonio Kröger's apparently slight tale is due to the fact that it is infused with elements of great specific weight. For it is only one step of the spirit from Tonio Kröger's little Hanseatic city to the far-away lands of Thomas Mann's *Joseph and his Brethren*, from the young bourgeois writer's troubled mind to the souls of the Hebrew patriarchs setting out on their pilgrimage in search of an answer to the question:

Why ordainest thou unrest to my son Gilgamesh,
Gavest him a heart that knoweth not repose?

'Cursed and blessed as they are'—so we read in the prelude to the tetralogy—with 'the inability to rest, the compulsion to ask, listen and seek, to wrestle for God, to quest in labour, full of bitterness and doubt, for the true and the just, the whence and the whither, our real nature and calling, and the will of the Highest'.

If 'interest' means 'it matters', it also has the ring of 'being in between'. 'In between'—it is the dwelling place of Thomas Mann's chief characters, the residence, too, of anxiety and disquiet, of irony and humour, of tragedy and comedy, that is to say, the accustomed place of man. Tonio Kröger stands in melancholy bewilderment between his tradition and his emancipated consciousness, between a world without knowledge and a knowledge without world. Life, he calls it, and art, and might call it innocence and guilt. Clearly, it is a ripple from the first fatal plunge. Adam has eaten from the tree of knowledge, and life has been a problem ever since. The good life? The union of the good, the true, the beautiful? But to know the truth is to know the worst, and beauty was before the serpent had its say.

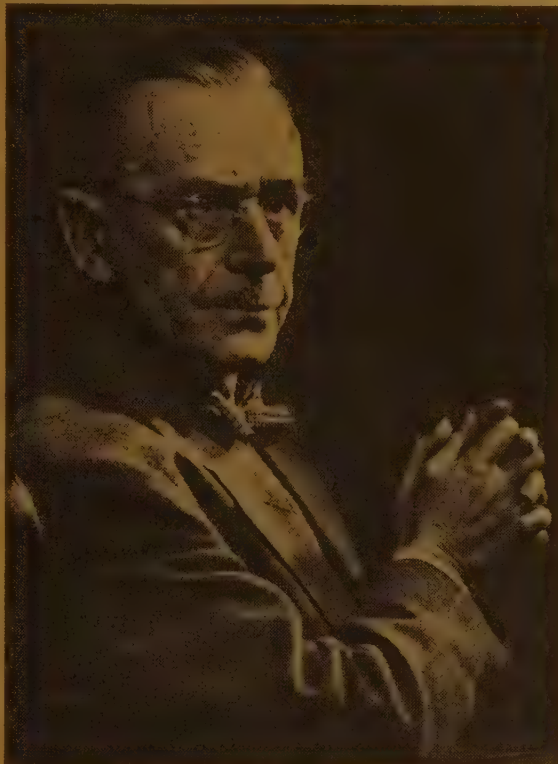
Knowledge as the enemy of life, as the tempter to death, as the ally of disease—this is an ever-recurring theme in Thomas Mann's works, and certainly the central inspiration of his beginning. And because the deep seriousness of this preoccupation is reflected in everything he has ever written, even his early stories stand out from the modishly morbid and comfortably pessimistic environment in which they first appeared. His first novel, *Buddenbrooks*, is the story of the fall of a family. It is, at the same time, his first allegory of the Fall of Man. The Buddenbrooks are doomed because they have come to know. And it is no whim of literary ornamentation that invokes the memory of Hamlet in Tonio Kröger. 'There is something I call being sick of knowledge . . .', says Tonio, 'when it is enough for a man to see through a thing in order to be sick to death of it—the case of Hamlet. . . . He knew what it meant to be called to knowledge without being born to it. To see things clear, if even through tears, to recognise, notice, observe, even at the very moment when hands are clinging and lips meeting, and the eye is blinded with feeling, it is infamous, indecent, outrageous. . . .'

It is at times of great change that the tragedy of knowledge is re-enacted with new vigour. Both the histories of Doctor Faustus, who goes to Hell because he wants to know, and of Hamlet, who lives in Hell because he knows, were the inventions of an age when yet another little paradise was abandoned and new kingdoms of the world were conquered. Both mark the end of a tradition and the tragic consciousness of a new departure. For tradition is the wise agreement not to ask certain questions, narrow the domain of the questionable, and grant the mind a firm foundation of answers which can be taken for granted. Thomas Buddenbrook is Thomas Mann's merchant-Hamlet. In his mind the robustly unquestioning tradition of bourgeois living dissolves into a host of questions and doubts, paralysing his will, turning his actions awry, and making him into an actor who performs his burgher life as a kind of meral pretence—as though the play were the thing. And with his son Hanno the play is the thing, and music becomes the only reality: music and death, the great romantic liberators of the soul,

the powers that move in with noble excess where the balance between questions and answers is upset—the balance called tradition.

When the individual soul loses the measure of certainty and the prospect of continuity vouchsafed by tradition, time and death take on another and more troublesome aspect. Emancipation from the common lot is bought at the price of a heightened awareness of transience. In a world of radically conscious individualities, time and death become more aggressive foes. Consciousness, time, and death—these are the themes of Thomas Mann's second novel, *The Magic Mountain*. Once more it is a story of initiation and expulsion, of lost innocence and the pains of selfhood. Hans Castorp, an engineer from Hamburg, an 'unremarkable' young man, unquestioning and undoubting, enters a sanatorium for tubercular diseases, begins to doubt and question, and becomes 'remarkable'.

At the touch of Thomas Mann's immense artistry the scene, gradually and almost imperceptibly, is made transparent. The strictly realistic exploration reaches the frontiers of the myth, and, remaining realistic, pushes through. Hans Castorp has fallen among the sick. The sanatorium is Europe. It is also the world. Man is the patient. A progressive radical and a reactionary Jesuit talk and talk, quarrelling for the soul of Hans, a soul that is already at the mercy of a Russian woman. The discord of the angels merely enhances the attraction of the temptress. The thermometers rise, showing the fever of knowledge. Hans Castorp knows. The world is now his world, and time is his time. When his soul is in motion, time expands; when his soul is drowsy, time speeds on in an empty race. Three weeks of awakening are longer than seven years of rumination. In Hamburg, Hans Castorp was within life; here, on the mountain, he faces it. Down in the flatland his responsibilities were within the world. Up here he is responsible for the world. Day after day he sits on a grassy slope and 'governs'. For he knows, and knowledge is power; yet, ironically, it is also loneliness, feebleness, and sickness to death. *The Magic Mountain* is the summing-up of the mind of modern Europe. None of its intellectual inclinations, moods, and fashions is missing, but all are transcended in a myth of profound irony. I have



Thomas Mann: a photograph taken in 1948

heard critics say that it is too talkative a book for a work of the imagination. This criticism misses the very point of the work. For it is knowledge that is the subject-matter of the novel, with the mind that comes to know as its protagonist.

It was almost predictable that Thomas Mann would write a *Doctor Faustus*. There was Goethe's example, there was Germany in the grip of the devil; but here was, above all, the classic mould of the tragedy of knowing, the modern version of the Fall. All the earlier works of Thomas Mann are, implicitly, a critique of that liberally enlightened optimism which believes in knowledge as the purest source of moral and spiritual improvement; and this could not be otherwise with a mind so deeply imbued with the knowledge of the tragic aspect of knowing. This critique was even made explicit at the time of the first world war. The book which Thomas Mann wrote then, product of so disturbing a crisis that he was unable to continue his work as a novelist, was *Meditations of a Non-Political Man*. Today it reads like a log-book which, while the writing is unsteady by the shock of an unexpected collision, yet records an important stage in the voyage of exploration. Fundamentally, it is a defence of romanticism against the enlightenment, of music against the pale sobriety of rationalist articulation, and of pessimistic irony against the rhetorical blatancy of moralistic politics. Yet even while the book was written, history played a disastrous trick on the romantic philosophy: it smuggled it into the hands of mindless thugs who, in its degraded name, began to prepare their unspeakably corrupting conquest of Germany and the world. And Thomas Mann nobly met the challenge. In *The Magic Mountain* already the critique of liberalism is freely confronted with the critique of that critique, and an opening is sought for the transcending of the

dialectical deadlock. In *Doctor Faustus*, however, it finds its tragic consummation. Its hero, the German composer Adrian Leverkühn, as well as his country are the victims of a war waged within souls untouched and untouchable by the blessing of Joseph. For Joseph, the Joseph of Genesis, and hero of Thomas Mann's longest and greatest book, becomes the symbol of peace beyond the agonies of the destructive feud.

He, too, knows, but what he knows is not the worst. He, too, has left his home, but without losing the sustenance of its soil. Like Hanno Buddenbrook and Tonio Kröger, Joseph is set apart. Yet with him it spells no doom. It means the vocation to mediate. Just because he is such an accomplished dreamer himself, he is also the best interpreter of dreams. It is as a hermetic messenger without dark alchemy, as a prophet 'without foaming at the mouth', that he stands before Pharaoh and says:

For the mould and model of ancient custom comes to us from the depths which lie beneath; it is that which binds us. But that which grants us selfhood comes from God and is of the spirit; it is free. And it is the secret of civilised life that the ancient mould and model within which we are bound and rooted, shall be filled with the divine freedom of selfhood, and there is no true civility without the one or the other.

Yet I should like to think that closest to Thomas Mann's heart is the chapter which, I feel, is also closest to the heart of the matter we have been discussing: the chapter called 'Of Love which denies the Blessing'. Its hero is Jacob, not Joseph; Jacob who has travelled to Egypt to see the long-lost son again. Holding him in his arms, he

confides that the blessing will not go to him. For Joseph's story only a guarantee of the promise, an anticipation on earth of the fulfilment that cannot be brought about by mortals and last. The father's blessing will go to Judah, the son with the anxious soul, who is destined to continue the pilgrimage of the race through regions poorer in wealth and spirit than the land of Egypt at that blessed moment of her history. There is suffering still to come; but let there be also laughter. Enters the clown, as Verdi's Falstaff enters through the gate of mature wisdom. With Felix Krull the world receives from Thomas Mann the gift which German literature has almost proverbially withheld from its great comic novel. Felix Krull is Joseph's distant cousin: Hermes, the rogue, the thief, the darling vagabond, stealing Apollo's oxen but also playing upon the lyre. It is as a lift-boy that he mediates between below and above, and as an illicit lover that he reads dreams and makes them come true; and if he rises in the world, it is as a false count. Indeed, there is no promise of salvation, but holds up its comic mask to a world which is so uncertain of truth that it cannot but be deceived. This is volume one of *The Confessions of the Adventurer Felix Krull*.

This is Thomas Mann's eightieth birthday*. Let us wish him (and us) many volumes of Felix Krull's collected works, and the good time which his Pharaoh says to Joseph:

Pharaoh must know and examine everything, he must be like the gold-washer who dredges the kernel of truth out of much absurdity. Pharaoh has a hard time, but also a good time, a very good time, and that is how it ought to be with a king. This discovery I owe to my being so gifted. He who has hard times shall also have good times, but only he.

—Third Programme

* Broadcast on June 6

Queen of the Wood

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

THE snow had melted from the summit of Soracte; in Rome the azaleas were set out for sale on the broad steps of the Trinità de' Monti. I had come south to meet the spring; I had found it among the feathery grasses of the Campagna, and now it was here in the woods on these steep banks of Nemi. The greens were as pale and pure as if it were spring in Oxfordshire; they seemed paler since in the myrtle hedges and among the planes and beeches—all strangled with ivy and vine—were also the darks, the blacks of yew and ilex, of shadowy cypress and stone pine. The little lake—and it is a very little lake—slept deep-lying in her round crater, a dark basin, a dark, round mirror set in its round rim of pale woods and thickets.

To the goddess Diana all woods and groves were sacred. But it was this grove, cupping the calm waters in a hollow of the Alban Hills, that was her sanctuary and home; deep in those pale thickets was once her temple. It had been her home long centuries ago when oak forest clothed the Campagna, when Alba was a capital for all the Latin peoples. It had been her home even before those Alban kings, like Romulus, had left their hills, to found a new city on the Tiber. Then even Jupiter left his oak woods on the high Alban Mount for a new seat upon the Capitol in Rome. Only Diana remained behind, deep in her grove, a reminder that long before upstart Rome was built both grove and lake were sanctified.

The Lake of Nemi has a strange remoteness, a loneliness, and yet also, as I remembered, age-long links with man, with history, and with dark rites and myths. But that remoteness was not the remoteness of distance—for the Alban Hills are, after all, very nearly suburban Rome—nor of isolation, for the little terrace from where I looked down on the lake was almost within sound of the cars on the main road. Mainly, I think, it was just because one knew that the villas of Frascati and Merino were close by, just over the hill, that Nemi's virginal state was so strange; just because men all through history had visited it that it now seemed so lonely. It was as if you had come across some lonely, haunted grove in the heart of Surbiton. And yet once it was almost the womb from which Rome was born. The Lake of Nemi is a historical monument, not of crumbling stone or faded fresco, but a monument of incredible age, even though it is made from woods that came into bud last week, and from clear water.

It was there, then, that I came back to something that had long been running in my mind, something, if you will, almost Wordsworthian or at any rate not very new. All my life I had tried to use man-made things—art—to understand man, to talk with him, to touch him, as we were, across millennia. What else, one might ask, is art for? And yet even within my own European and Hellenic tradition it had never, I think, quite worked—or only now and again in a rare moment—anything beyond that, among the totems and gods of other worlds, it had never begun to work; perhaps it never can. Monuments, tombs, pictures may proclaim the divine spark in man; they are not themselves divine. They are not organic, they never renew themselves, they decay, crumble, are neglected and changed; above all, the world and faith that made them are forgotten until in the end all meaning has gone. Product of a divine impulse—but it is the impulse, not the product, that is divine. A Chinese Renaissance prince—or a Greek Apollo for that matter—were never painted or carved for you and me to look at in a gallery; they were never 'art'. They were nothing less than Christ, a prince, or an Apollo as the artist understood the matter in his moment of divine passion.

On the shores of Nemi, where man still lived in an Arcadian world, nothing decays. So there one realises that to know man across thousands of years one must turn one's back on all the monuments. It is organic nature renewing itself, that is the real monument. Ovid's mood as he drank from the Nemean spring, was my mood, his lake was my lake... but temple ruins are dead.

Paradoxically, then, it is only where man has left his paradise—a planet undefiled, only by those lonely woods and lakes, beside oceans and beneath moons that he has haunted but not destroyed, that he can speak to us across time. It was earlier that day, near Frascati, that I first knew the lake might be just such an unravished bride of time. It was in a steep lane by the Villa Aldobrandini; the villa gardens, statuary, trim hedges, and cascades, were indeed a Renaissance jewel, but since it happened just then not to be the Renaissance I could gaze at them, so to speak, only in their coffin. Then, across the lane, I looked down on a little dell: a lawn cleared in a beechwood, close cropped sheep; half garden and half meadow; two date palms and two monstrous lichen-urns; white sheep moving slowly across the turf; and, on the bank, wild crocus and a shepherd boy. Like the Lake of Nemi this was not old, it was timeless; neither Alban nor Greek nor Roman—but

the Arcady of all the golden ages. It was pristine because it lived, infinitely old because it could never decay—a shepherd in the Alban Hills.

Standing on the terrace at Nemi, with the shadow of the myth and the reality of the lake, I found in the lake a poetic and even pantheistic symbol, in the sense of De Quincey's statement that 'poetry can teach only as nature teaches, as the forest teaches . . . by deep impulse, by hieroglyphic suggestion'. For me the little lake was just such an impulse, a poetic symbol embracing man but above time, abolishing time as effectively as a temple emphasises it, a hub from which, like spokes, my thoughts could radiate both in time and space. First, then, were the Alban Hills themselves, rising out of the level Campagna like Arran out of the Sound of Bute, hills whence rich Romans have commuted through the centuries from their summer villas, pink and pearly villas set in olive green. Then there was, by the lake itself, the thought

of some forgotten August night in the heat of the year, three thousand years ago, when for Diana's festival a hundred torches flickered among the trunks in her dark grove and in the darker mirror of the waters—signals of the dark beliefs and darker rites that still linger in the air round Lake Nemi.

For though Nemi was Diana's shrine, it was far-off on the Crimean shore that her cult had been born out of other cults, older and more weird. And even at Nemi it was a bloody ritual. Deep in the sanctuary and near the temple, where huge plane trunks rise out

of the strawberry and myrtle, there is an old fig-tree bound down by ivy roots. Here was once an older tree; any runaway slave could break off a bough, that same Golden Bough or mistletoe that Aeneas plucked before visiting the dead; the slave might fight the temple priest in single combat, slay him and reign in his place, till his turn came too: 'the priest who was the slayer and shall himself be slain'. Ovid could therefore write of 'Diana's woodland temple and her realm won by a violent hand', or 'the grove that takes runaways for kings'. For over a thousand years this law of succession through slaughter, this primeval rock of barbarism, emerged from the smooth lawn of Roman custom, until a shocked Greek traveller could tell of it in the polished age of the Antonines.

Diana's priest—slayer waiting to be slain—was King of the Wood, as the Lake was Queen. It was of this priest-king with drawn sword, prowling in the thicket day and night, snatching uneasy sleep, that James Frazer wrote in *The Golden Bough*. It was, indeed, to explain this survival that he set forth on his long voyage in search of other priest-kings, in search of magic, taboo and mutilation, in search of Corn Kings and Spring Festivals, of virgin births and May Queens, and of all those other dark recesses that still remain, somewhere round the earth, in cruel hearts or simple minds. Frazer tells how, for gentle pilgrims to the temple, the sight of this dread priest might well seem to darken the fair scene, as when a cloud blots out the sun.

His Lake of Nemi may or may not be the beginning of all anthropology, but I preferred to wander by the cool spring that still bubbles from the rock. Ovid drank from it as it went purling over the pebbles. And on those hot, August nights, as the smoke rose from the altar and the torches moved among the trees, pregnant women, sacrificing under the yellow harvest moon that was itself Diana, would also drink of it for an easy delivery. And in the same stream youths would purify

themselves and, having first hung garlands on Diana's hounds, would feast off kid served hot on plates of leaves, and off apples plucked from clusters in the grove. And the priest-king prowled, and it was as deep and dark and evil as it was pristine in its beauty.

Is Nemi, then, unique? Is it just a little lake that the ghosts have made different from other lakes; or is it different only because of that timeless, sinister beauty, that unbroken crater rim, hiding it from the world and the wind, that made Byron speak of it as 'navelled in the woody hills', and of its 'oval mirror . . . calm as cherish'd hate'? Or had it really been for me, with both its ghosts and its beauty, De Quincey's 'poetic impulse'? It was in thus trying to discover Nemi's secret that I came to thinking of other lakes in my life, to wondering whether they, too, perhaps held the secret of Arcady.

The pantheists of our own English lakes had once upon a time found what they wanted; beneath Westmorland stars and among crevices

in Grasmere stones Dorothy Wordsworth had found the magic I was looking for, the poetic impulse that she passed to her brother. But that, after all, was more than a hundred years ago, and our own English lakes, in our time, have almost lost their meaning. On tiny Loch Maberry, under Cairnmore, on a summer morning the little wavelets had once danced for me beyond the sedge. That was pure faery but there were no ghosts of men to haunt the lonely moor. That thought in turn took me to the green, pellucid waters of Lough Carra, between the great Plain of Mayo

and the mountains of Joyce's country. This was the Lake of George Moore's story, where on the low, grey shore, as it darkened under a scudding sky, the light came out in cabin windows—the grey shore where the priest wandered day after day pondering his one sin, until at last he swam naked into its waters. Another lake, with ghosts, another bride of time—two lakes, Roman and Celtic—one still and golden, one wild and grey, each at the end of the world and yet holding, each in its clear depths, the one secret that men share across all time. 'There is a lake', said the priest, 'in every man's heart, and he listens to its monotonous whisper year by year, more and more attentive till at last he ungirds'.—*Third Programme*



'The Golden Bough', by J. M. W. Turner

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

The Old Master

When life grows heavy, and by comparison
Even the weightiest word is but a breast-feather
Plucked and scattered on the moulting weather,
Poised for an instant, then caught, puffed on,
Gone—a master of the art observes
That microscopic drama of the air
And feather; he takes the irony as fair
Allegory, knowing his lifework serves
A similar vagary as the wind,
The ruffled breast of a poor mothering bird,
The chance detaching of some down or fluff.
The lesson lodges in his ageing mind,
Which in that moment's madness sees the Word
As windblown, and poetry a fleeting stuff.

RICHARD CHURCH

Police Forces and the Central Government

R. M. JACKSON gives the last of eight talks on the police

SEVERAL times in the course of these talks there have been references to the essentially local nature of police forces. Yet there has always been a substantial measure of control by the central government, exercised through the Home Office. There has long been a grant of money from the Treasury—originally 25 per cent. and later 50 per cent.—and Sir Robert Peel insisted from the beginning that grant is only to be paid if a police force is efficient. That conception lies behind all the forms of central control. We expect a reasonable standard of efficiency in the police in all parts of the country and this can be secured only if there is substantial power at the centre.

Object of Treasury Grant

The grant of money has remained basically fifty per cent. Its main object is, of course, like the grants for schools, roads, and other local activities, the assistance of the local authorities. Police forces are inspected by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary, who report annually upon the state of the forces. In ordinary circumstances the only points that arise over grants are of a minor nature; naturally the Home Office will not pay fifty per cent. of all expenditure whatever it may be; the grant is a percentage of proper or approved expenditure and, as you can imagine, there are some curious disputes. I remember a great argument over a new police station which contained accommodation for a magistrates' court, which has nothing to do with police and may not be assisted at all by means of police grant. There was a rather grand entrance and staircase, and the local authority maintained that these were part of the police building in order to get grant upon them, whereas the auditor took the view that they belonged to the courtroom and pointed out that the police used another entrance.

It is only if there should be a serious dispute between a local police authority and the Home Office that grant may be used as a major method of control. For example, before the war Stoke-on-Trent declined to increase its police force to the size which the Home Office regarded as necessary. The Home Secretary would not give way and in the end he threatened to withhold the grant. If the Stoke-on-Trent authority had persisted, it could have continued with this force at its then strength, but it would have had to meet the whole of the cost out of the rates, and naturally the local government electors might have taken a poor view of conduct that resulted in the city not getting the grant. In the last resort, the stopping of grant is almost certain to compel a local police authority to fall into line with the Home Office view. At first sight it may look as if this places the Home Secretary in much the same position as if he had a state police, but it does not work like that at all: he cannot just give orders: he has first of all to enter into discussion with the local police authority, and if he decides that he must take drastic action, he can be fairly certain that he will have to defend it in the House of Commons.

These local matters, such as the size of a police force, are not party issues; the local M.P.s may very well take up the cause of their locality even if they happen to belong to the same political party as the Home Secretary. Hence, a Home Secretary has to think hard about whether the action that he proposes to take will get him into trouble in the House. That is not necessarily a determining factor; Home Secretaries have to do so many unpopular things that they get used to being more concerned about whether there is a sound case than whether there will be a fuss.

The second method of control is through the Police Regulations. Under the Police Act of 1919 the Home Secretary may

make regulations as to the government, mutual aid, pay, allowances, pensions, clothing, expenses, and conditions of service of the members of all police forces within England and Wales and every police authority shall comply with the regulations.

This is a formidable list of subjects upon which there are regulations, but if the list is looked at more carefully it will be seen that the subjects really all come under the heading of conditions of service. There is nothing here about how the police are to go about their duties,

at least not in the sense of how they are to keep order, arrest people and so on. It does, however, mean that in all the different police forces there is a standard level of pay, hours of work, leave, and all the other things of that kind. Yet we must not suppose that the Home Secretary can just issue an order which settles these things. There is a legal requirement that before making regulations the Home Secretary must submit them in draft to the Police Council. The Police Council was always representative of police authorities and members of forces, but in the last few years it has been changed into a body of the Whitley type, with representatives of the police authorities, central and local, as the official side, and representatives of police on the staff side. In effect, then, these questions of pay and other conditions of service are now first discussed and agreed by the council. There is no legal obligation on the Home Secretary to accept such decisions, but in ordinary circumstances he does, and makes appropriate regulations to carry them out. We live in a society where rates of pay and conditions of service cannot be laid down from above; they have to be negotiated, and the modern practice fits in with this.

The appointment of a Chief Constable requires the approval of the Home Secretary, and a succession of Home Secretaries have considered that this means exactly what it says: that the Home Secretary must approve. The effect has been to convert police forces into a career service. Men can be appointed from outside, but only if they have had substantial police experience. Increasingly the only way to get to the top positions is by going through the ranks. The consent of the Home Secretary is also needed for the dismissal of a Chief Constable. In the case of other ranks the local police authority may impose various punishments, up to dismissal, but the man has a right of appeal to the Home Secretary in the more serious cases. The Home Secretary may, and frequently does, appoint someone to hold an enquiry into the appeal.

The Police Act of 1946 had as its main object the merging of smaller police forces into larger units. The general pattern now is that each county and each borough has its force, but where that will leave police forces which are still too small there may be amalgamation. If that can be arranged by agreement, then a document is drawn up which sets out, among other things, the nature of the police authority. If an amalgamated force is substantially a county one, then there is a board on the lines of a standing joint committee, whereas if it is primarily a borough force, then the authority is more akin to a watch committee. The Home Secretary has power to compel an amalgamation if, in his view, that is required on the grounds of efficiency. So far, there have been nine amalgamations, three of which were compulsory.

Amalgamating Small Forces

There was a certain amount of heart burning over this legislation. A number of towns that lost their police forces, by having them merged into county forces, felt that they had lost something that belonged to them. A few years ago it was generally assumed that if any unit was made larger that would automatically result in an increase of efficiency, but now people are much more doubtful about that; we have seen too many large-scale organisations that seem to have lost in efficiency as they grew in size, so it is particularly important to ask why this policy of amalgamating smaller forces should be followed.

If we were to look at the size of police forces ten years ago, we should find that the larger police forces, such as Lancashire or the great cities, were around 1,000 men. Several borough police forces were under 50, a few under 20 and even under 10. Now, police work has changed enormously. Take, as an example, the use of wireless. There is a common belief among drivers that police cars are on the roads merely to check speed limits and such like matters. In fact, motor patrol is in touch with the control room at police headquarters. Suppose that you dial 999, you will, under this system, be put through to the control room; whilst you are explaining what your call is about the control room will see what motor patrol is in your area and will pass on to it the appropriate instructions. In getting to the place where police are wanted, it is far quicker to have men already on the road

in their car than it would be to have them waiting in a police station where they would have to go down and get their car out and go off to where they are wanted. But this system simply cannot work in a really small force. The control room has to be staffed continuously; the motor patrols have to be trained in the use of the system. The whole thing has to be on a big enough scale to carry the organisation. It is possible for a single control room to be used by more than one force, and also to include the needs of fire brigades, but joint action of that sort can never be a complete answer. It is simply like many industrial processes: there is a minimum size at which one can really afford to have the necessary machinery and organisation. From the point of view of members of forces it is doubtful if any of these would wish to return to the days of smaller forces; the larger units offer better chances for promotion and much greater scope for specialising. Most of the process of amalgamating forces has been completed, but there are still a few forces that are probably too small.

Looking at all these different ways in which the Home Office can exercise some control, it will be seen that they are all concerned with the organisational side. The Home Secretary may be able to compel two forces to amalgamate; he may prevent the appointment of a person as Chief Constable; he may make a wide range of regulations about conditions of service, but in none of these things can he touch the conduct of the actual work of the police. It is true that he might do so in respect of grant, but as we have seen he would almost certainly have to justify his action in the Commons. Why should the Home Secretary want to interfere in that sort of way? There is almost a tradition of English public life that Home Secretaries are wicked and want to do this sort of thing. Every Home Secretary, from Sir Robert Peel onwards, has had at almost regular intervals to deny that he has designs to get all the police forces into his own hands. I think it is quite clear that this idea of the Home Office scheming to exercise power that does not belong to it is just a myth, though like a number of myths it may have some use in keeping certain considerations ever present to our minds.

If we were to leave the matter like this, it would seem as if there was no co-ordination between the various police forces. The trouble comes from looking far too much at control and overlooking central government influence. One might think that Her Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary are merely inspectors who spend all their time going round looking for inefficiencies; they do more than that. They are appointed from Chief Constables of some standing, and they have a fund of experience of the practical problems of police work. Chief Constables often seek their advice, and in their visits to various forces they help to carry ideas from one area to another. Police work is much more uniform than one might expect from the existence of so many separate forces, and that is owing in no small measure to the activities of these inspectors.

Then there are many matters that the Home Secretary cannot, in fact, control at all, but in which the Home Office can secure that a common policy is followed throughout the country. This, again, does not necessarily mean that the Home Office gets its own way. Let us

take an actual example and see how it would work out. After a war it is inevitable that a considerable number of people will be in possession of firearms and ammunition, which they ought not to hold unless they have a licence to do so. I found myself with two cases of grenades stored in a hen-house, and doubtless other people found themselves with war-like implements and did what they should do—returned them to the army or handed them in to the police. What about people who had not handed in such things? Was the right policy to point out that they must be handed in and then to prosecute rigorously whenever it was found that someone had a firearm without a licence, or would it be better to make it generally known that if unauthorised firearms were surrendered before a certain date, then no proceedings would be taken? That was a policy question on what was the best way to secure enforcement of the law. It was not a matter on which the Home Secretary could make a regulation or issue any kind of direction. The procedure for dealing with a matter of that kind is a conference attended by a number of Chief Constables, Home Office officials, the Director of Public Prosecutions, and representatives of any government department that may be interested. That conference discusses the whole question, and because everyone in this particular field is concerned with the public service and understands the way of settling these things by argument and agreement we end up with an agreed policy. Again, that will not be obligatory upon any Chief Constable, but in ordinary circumstances it is likely that it will be adopted generally. Also, it may appear after discussion that there is no necessity for uniformity of action. Before the war there was long discussion over prosecuting for lesser road offences. The late Sir Alker Tripp, then Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard in charge of traffic matters, favoured a policy of prosecuting all offenders. The late Sir Archibald Hordern, then Chief Constable of Lancashire, preferred a plentiful use of warnings by the police and fewer prosecutions. So the rigorous policy and what was called the 'Lancashire experiment' were both followed.

Looking back over this series of talks, a general conclusion seems fairly clear. No particular change is in sight between local authorities and the centre. There are no great weaknesses in organisation, though the County Councils would like to end Standing Joint Committees and have committees of their own, like the boroughs. There is some progress to be made in co-operation with the public, and in the use of police man-power. But overshadowing all these things is the problem of recruitment. The old attraction of joining the police was a safe and secure job, and that is less of an inducement in these days of full employment and social security. We have built up a most elaborate system of national joint negotiating bodies for all manner of employment, including the police. It is hard to see where all this leads to, especially for the public service. Is it simply a matter of how hard the staff side presses or how strongly the employers' side can fight a rear-guard action, or is there some principle, some yardstick that we can use, that will give a better measure of a man's value to the community? A country that is proud of its police—justifiably proud—must settle this problem.—*Third Programme*

Private Report

Very Late Victorian

The second of six talks by DONALD BOYD

I WAS almost too late to be a Victorian, but I did see Queen Victoria riding in an open carriage near Ballater during the first holiday I consciously remember. My mother and I had travelled by sea from Hull to Aberdeen. But my acquaintance with the age is really post-Victorian. It is pleasant to have known that much. Nowadays, it is usual to think that the age was stuffy and fusty. That is not my idea at all. To me it seemed bright, clean, and fragrant, and full of mystery. On a still night from our terrace, which overlooked a hay-field, you could hear the world turning round if you listened hard enough, and on windy nights a creature made of pan-pipes floated among the chimney pots, fluting a melancholy song. I called it the Chiporgan.

When my sister was born I went to stay in a real Victorian household with two adopted aunts called Caroline and Nellie. They were

maiden ladies and took their duties seriously. I was scrubbed every night in a deep, porcelain bath. The taps were in the middle of one side, and the water choked its way in from a lion head. The porcelain was greyish in colour and decorated with sprays of fern. The waste hole was hidden by a shell. In that bath the soap floated—delicious.

The two ladies were much occupied with their own crafts—fine crochet, lace, chip-carving, and poker-work. Perhaps the poker-work designs would seem odd nowadays, but one of them never ceased to fascinate me. It was a running design of fiery and scaly dragons eating each other's tails, and we would all wonder what they tasted like. Aunt Caroline thought they might be like very strong shrimps. Also, what would happen if each one managed to eat the one in front of him? The poker-work went on to boxes, trays, and Viking chairs with rounded backs. The seats were poked, as well as the panels on the curve of

the back, and they were slightly fluted, to look like waves, and they were uncommonly hard to sit on. Another occupation of these ladies was writing little essays about the village, in the style of Miss Mitford. Sometimes they were printed and sold as pamphlets at the bazaar.

They did most of this work on a great table in the sitting-room under a melodious pedestal clock which played tunes on the quarter, the half, and the hour. This clock did not mark the passage of time so much as assure you that there was an unlimited amount to spend. Even time can be told at leisure. Its music was comfortable, calling attention to the fact that there were many pleasant things in life, like the tunes, and that they would come along, all in good time. We ate in the small breakfast-room from fine china, and when there were visitors a special set would come out, which had small separate plates for jam, one to each person.

The Forbidden Drawing-room

I was not allowed into the drawing-room by myself. It was full of things. The top of the grand piano was covered with processions of elephants in graduated sizes. The fireplace was flanked by stuffed owls with their wings outspread against the wall. They had large, hard, glassy eyes and always looked surprised. There were arrangements of dried grasses and bulrushes on the walls, and a china cabinet with a serpentine front full of pieces—terra-cotta oil lamps, soapstone sandals, china lobsters, pieces of lapis lazuli and turquoise, some bulbous silver, and a quantity of pieces of heraldic china. It was always very spick and span.

I do not believe there ever was such an age for adopted aunts. I had a choice selection myself, but it is the older ones, the real Victorians, I want to recall. One of the most mysterious was Aunt Jean. She was a very small woman who always wore bonnets and flowing cloaks, vivacious and restless, and her brow was usually beaded with sweat. She was of Quaker sympathies and had delicious and innocent vices. She had our ginger biscuits warmed somehow, so that they would become soft; and she would take members of the family on economical tours of the model village, feeding them out of paper bags on ginger biscuits and raw green peas. At home she maintained for me and other nephews a drawer full of toys, mostly Chinese and Japanese. There were glass boxes containing artificial butterflies whose wings moved, water flowers, folding picture books whose images disappeared, crocodiles of plaited grass which imprisoned the finger, queer puzzles, little wax men with top hats who took them off when you pulled a string, railway shunting games, collections of glittering metallic beads, and invisible pictures which burned into sight.

Sometimes we would go out with a jam jar and collect a pint of pond life, so that in the evenings Uncle William could take me to his study and show me what it looked like under the microscope. This room was forbidden to me, and so was the garden, which William nourished with horse-droppings he collected with a shovel and bucket from the streets. He called it 'golfing'. When he died his microscope came to me. I wanted to look a long way off, not near to, so I sold it and bought a pair of prismatic binoculars; and I had my wish in a way, for I used them in the 1914 war.

In those days even people who were not at all well off would indulge themselves with some display. I am not capable of describing the dresses of my grandmother's friends except that they were black silk which rustled stiffly, with touches of violet and dove-grey and thick creamy lace, and often had long, gold chains, brooches of garnet and carbuncle, and positive breastplates of golden Cairngorms and agate and onyx and amber. Old Mr. Rapson took his ease outside his greenhouse in a square-sided, crimson, gilt-embroidered smoking cap with a tassel, and a cut-away velvet jacket edged with braid. He wore mutton-chop whiskers and had a cavalry sabre hanging in the hall, which I believed he had used in a battle.

At five I went to the new high school. It was in charge of a kind and loving, but ineffective, woman who soon disappeared. A mistress of quite a different make took her place. Miss Scotson Clark was seven or eight feet high, dressed from neck-frill to toe in black ornamented with a frontal fin of agate buttons like very hard, glossy blackcurrants. She was as graceful as a dolphin. We had lunch—alone—together, the majestic headmistress and the little boy in a holland smock; and she taught me some table manners, and discovered at a glance my first delinquencies: I had 'found' a ruler and a rubber, I think. Ever since then I have been unable to tell lies with the necessary confidence; and I do not think I have ever been tempted to blow on my soup.

She was destined from the beginning to assert an influence of late-

Victorian uprightness and thoroughness to thousands of children; for under her care the school swallowed up all the houses in the terrace, burrowing through from one to another, and then removed altogether to a hideous modern, red-brick building approached by a long drive through gates so tall, so wide, and so full of iron that I am sure my collie dog Roy and I would never have dared to enter.

This is one of the things in which the newer age was worse than the old; the newer age was pompous and pretentious, and in spite of their assertiveness and personal display, few of my Victorian friends were that.

A child takes childhood for granted and does not really believe that it is or has been any world but its own; and when, later in life, to come to earn a living we may put all those things by as matters no longer needing attention. We have our own very important lives to lead. Perhaps this is not kindly towards those who have been loving to us as children; and if at that later age we were forced to justify our disregard of them I suppose we would say that above everything else it was our business to be independent.

But the old connections return. By the end of the first war, Aunt Caroline had gone, but Aunt Nellie was still living an active life on the four floors of her Victorian home, and I tried to persuade her to let a few rooms to some newly married friends of mine. Such an unorthodox idea had never entered her head, and it dismayed her to think that the world had become disorderly and unprivate. But she did in the end divide the house. When she became less able to move about with her bird-like flights there was some talk of buying a motor-car, but she doubted her ability to drive it, saying that she had not been brought up as a mechanic and might pull the wrong lever and endanger the people in the street: 'I wouldn't like that—that wouldn't do at all. Well, no, it wouldn't. I saw that the only really appropriate thing for her was a governess-car and a fat pony—and, indeed, she had a stable and she was tempted, and might indeed have bought one if she could have found a way of looking after the horse. In the end she fell back protesting, on taxi-cabs: 'They may not smell as bad as growlers, but they do smell, and I don't like the smell, and I don't like paying money for something I should be able to do for myself'. She must have given me for my wild ideas, because when I married she sent me a piece of poker-work ornamented with that identical running design of cannibal dragons.

About this time I was attempting to join the staff of a distinguished newspaper, and Aunt Jean heard of it by family pigeon post—characteristic of the period—and told my mother that she had recommended me to 'that great and good man C. P. Scott'. That made me angry. I took myself so conceitedly (to my mother's amusement) that I was ashamed of Aunt Jean. I never heard what C. P. Scott made of her postcard—for that was what it was. By some chance I saw it a long, rambling postcard of spidery writing running up to the margin and over half the address side. I blushed to read that I was a dear boy with good instincts 'who might do well under C. P. Scott's care'. I doubt he knew of her and the queer mixture which her world contained of shrewdness and innocence, curiosity and saintliness. Her postcard was a sort of passport, a certificate of origins. It may well have been more of a recommendation to him than my slender achievements. I could at any rate join the staff of his newspaper, and had from him several times that sort of correction which goes between the joints and into the very marrow. He and Miss Scotson Clark would have understood each other, and perhaps Aunt Jean also knew what was good for me and wanted to be sure that I got it.

Shocking the Infant Mind

Many years later I renewed acquaintance with my highly respectable headmistress. An article I had written reminded her of our early days in the terrace school. She was now about eighty. The letter was gentle and lively, and I read with consternation her advice that I should get in for football pools. A second letter advised me to get in touch with a particular bookmaker who conducted his business with honesty, promptitude, and politeness. She had also recommended me to him. I do not think he can have been at school in her charge. If he had, would partly explain his merits. Later, she complained that Mr. Jones Snagge and his colleagues read the sporting results so quickly that the two retired ladies in Winchelsea could only with difficulty mark the forms. This disclosure did not make any less of my headmistress. It made her more human and still taller. At a great age she was getting much amusement out of her weekly ventures and was still capable of shocking the infant mind.

I wonder what quality they shared, these people, which might be called Victorian. They had survived many changes and chances with equability and lived into an age which behaved as though it thought Victoria a funny historical joke, into an age which had forgotten the reign of Edward VII altogether. My old friends were all hopeful and active, and lived in the world as they found it. They were individuals

and not really to be classified with a label. But they did share two characteristics. They would certainly not have been willing to pronounce the vulgarism, 'The best is good enough for me', but they would have meant it. And they never hesitated to try to secure what they wanted; they were not faint-hearted. To go after the good thing you believe you need is no common virtue.—*Home Service*

The Greek Professors and the Modern Mind

The second of two talks by PHILIP LEON

THE discovery of definition was the consummation of the Greek genius, it was the consummation also of the Greek's bliss: henceforth man could contain the Universe, or the Infinite, exactly, if not exhaustively, dissected from *alpha* to *omega*, as within a dictionary, or examination syllabus, or as within a Greek play, with a proper beginning, middle, and end and neatly cut up by appropriate lectures from the chorus. The Greek loved a limited or closed universe, one like his *polis*, or city, enclosed within its walls; he loved a *cosmos* (the word means 'order') the components of which stood as clearly marked out from each other and from their surroundings as did his statues and temples within his city; in short, he loved a world of examination subjects.

Turning the Universe into a Polis

'The unexamined life is not worth living', says Plato, and the academic meaning given here to these words of the founder of the Academy is no caricature if we consider the whole context of his philosophy. The Greek, we may say, found the universe a mystery and quickly turned it into a *polis*; in it he defined himself as a *polites*, or citizen, a man with clearly defined rights and duties guaranteed and enjoined by clearly defined laws; and then he pursued the game of politics—the politics of politics, the politics of mathematics, logic, philosophy, art. In *The Birds* of Aristophanes, Hopeful and Caucis, sick of the politics and law courts of Athens, decide to escape into Fairyland, or Birdland. But the moment they get there, Hopeful has a brilliant idea: he wants to organise the birds into a *polis* and establish an empire over gods and men alike. No sooner thought than done, with the help of the oratory of Caucis backed by arguments from pre-history. And immediately they have on their hands officers of the law, prosecutors, tax commissioners, and inspectors, armies and war, both civil and interplanetary. They have, in short, civilisation.

Was the Greek, then, incapable of mysticism? Did he not know the 'I-Thou' but only the 'I-It' relationship to reality? Yet 'mystery' and 'mystic' are Greek words. But *mysterion* does not mean something you cannot talk about, but something that you can, but must not, talk about, like the blue-print for making the hydrogen bomb; the *mystes* is the possessor of such a blue-print. Still, Socrates really was one of the world's great mystics. But he was also a Greek, and a post-professorial Greek. Hence, instead of holding that God was beyond all *sophiai*, concepts or subjects, he declared that to God alone belonged *sophia*. In fact, just as some people look upon a professor as God, he looked upon God as the only professor: indeed in Plato's *Cratylus* he calls one of the minor gods, Hades, or Death, 'a perfect professor', while in the *Timaeus*, God the father, or maker, of the world, is shown working as a professor of mathematics. Plato himself was the literary exponent of mysticism, and directly or indirectly the inspirer of nearly all literary mysticism both in the west and in the east, and he does, indeed, speak of the highest reality as beyond knowledge and truth. But he also thinks of it as the object of a concept, the concept of all concepts, to be grasped at the end of a life-long schooling in mathematics and dialectic. He could not have said with Shakespeare and the mystics, 'The rest is silence'—that would have been misology, hatred of the word, concept, or definition, a sin against the Spirit, a mark of the first stage in the fall from grace, or from the ideal city; it would have been something most unwelcome to the 'chattering Greek', as the Romans called him. Certainly there is nothing in Plato or any other Greek philosopher like 'the sacrifice of the intellect', i.e. of conceptualising, the sacrifice demanded by mysticism. And the idea of a great mathematician like Pascal preferring the

God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to the God of the philosophers would have been either inconceivable or disgusting to him or to any other Greek thinker.

One of the less endearing traits of the lover of the classics is his habit, at least when addressing the general public, of ritually uttering a hymn to the Greeks in terms which suggest that God himself has a thing or two to learn from them. But if we are to give a just estimate, we must admit that the Greek mind had its limits. Indeed it had a passion for limits, and that passion was its chief limitation. It was too much in love with the Conscious, that is to say with itself and its own ideas or concepts—with spinning them and watching their interplay. It was spectatorial and its spectatorism was narcissistic. Furthermore, all Greeks loved the light, the light of the sun and the light of definition, and both feared and hated the dark:

ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι
ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον

Make clear the sky and grant us to see with our eyes. In the light be it, though thou slay us.

Such is Ajax' prayer to Zeus in the *Iliad*, and it wells up from the very depths of Greek consciousness. It is not the idea of death that causes near-panic in that great warrior, but of death in a smog or black-out. (I add this last word because it was in a black-out in the last war that the poignancy of that prayer came home to me.) From the same depths come the heart-rending farewells to the sun, of those about to die, in every Greek tragedy. But it is in the dark that things germinate. It has been said without too much exaggeration that there is no such thing as evolution in Greek history: everything—the epic, the lyric, the drama, mathematics, philosophy—sprang from the Greek's head as, in his myth, Pallas Athena, the patron goddess of the arts, sprang from the head of Zeus, fully grown and fully armed. But she did not develop. Finished almost at birth, everything Greek sooner or later became rigidified, sclerotised, Byzantinised; cut off from the west, Greece ended up as Byzantium.

The Scientific Method

But now she is establishing a world empire of the mind far vaster than Alexander's military empire, establishing, in fact, the world civilisation. This she is doing through the triumphs of science and the prestige attaching to the scientific method in consequence of them. For the scientific method, it has been said, is simply a Greek habit of thought. This is true enough as regards mere method. Yet to science in the narrow sense of the word the Greeks contributed only enough to make us marvel that they did not contribute more. If only they had taken a little trouble, we cannot help thinking, some Archimedes might have discovered—long before the year of grace 1954—the hydrogen bomb, and we might never have existed. Why did they not take that trouble?

Greek systematic thought and enquiry had begun in the century previous to that of the Sophists, with Thales, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, and the other 'physiologues', as Aristotle calls them, the searchers after the *physis*, a word which gives us 'physics' for the science descended from them and, through the Latin, 'nature' for its object. It had yielded the elementary and atomic theories, two anticipatory glimpses into the theory of evolution and a number of cosmologies with some startlingly modern features; its continuation is to be looked for in the late Einstein's publications on the Unified-field formula, in neo-Darwinism and the cosmological speculations of Fred Hoyle, Bondi, and others. Why was it interrupted by the Sophists? (Gorgias, in particular 'proved' such knowledge impossible.) The

answer to this and my first question confirms what I have said about the Greek mind. The Greek mind loved order, or system; it begot it from itself (as perhaps all order must be begotten from the mind), in its concepts. But it loved also simple order (what was not simple was not order for it) and in proportion as it loved this simple order, it shrank, as from a disease, from whatever was other than it, or resisted or opposed it. This recalcitrant element it called by various uncomplimentary names: the Other; the Erring, or Delinquent, or Tramp, Cause; the Unavoidable; the Incomprehensible, and Incredible; the Unreal; Not-being (Nightmare, in fact, or the Abominable Snowman).

In short, the Greek had the same attitude towards it as the typical modern scientist has towards psychical or paranormal phenomena. But Nature, which the scientist has to study, is precisely this Other (*i.e.*, not man or man-made). She is infinitely yielding, but also infinitely refractory, to method: she will not give herself up completely to any idea, and very little to a Pallas Athena of an idea, but calls for ideas which are like Gothic gargoyles, or for acrobatic ideas; and she calls for constantly new ones; a Greek would have considered worse than chaos the 'order' into which she is provisionally and partially fitted. And after all this she makes the question of the purpose of life, or the purpose of anything, more unanswerable than ever. She reveals nothing save mad spawning—spawning seeds, spawning sperms, spawning stars. In Plato's *Phaedo*, Socrates, the perfect sophist in this, explains how he came to abandon this kind of search (*viz.*, the effect of temperature on putrefaction and physiological growth, the connection between the brain and the senses, the part played by air in speaking and hearing, etc.): it brought about, he says, more confusion and darkness in his mind than there was there before, and so he 'took refuge' in examining his own *logoi*, definitions or concepts, hoping to find there both light and purpose.

No Province Barred?

But now the physiologues and the sophists have been reconciled in the professorial method as pursued by science, and so there would seem to be no reason why there should be any limit to its advance or any province barred to it. That there is no such limit or bar is certainly the faith of the twentieth century. The creed of the religion of that century is provided, characteristically enough, by a professor: 'The world divides into facts; the totality . . . of facts is the world', says Professor Wittgenstein. In other words, reality, or all that is, can be parcelled out, without any remainder, into subjects, or specialisms, systems or bodies of facts: into physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, sociology, plus an *x*, or indefinite, number of *x*-ologies, or as yet unknown sciences. *Without any remainder*, or mystery: 'Though as a scientist', declares another professor, Professor Oliphant, 'I am increasingly humble in the face of the immensity of our lack of knowledge of natural phenomena, yet I find it difficult to believe in the ultimate unknowable mystery which as yet intervenes directly in our lives'. This attitude is given the high-falutin title of 'faith in reason', and any questioning of it is dubbed obscurantism or irrationalism, or belief in the Absurd. But in effect, and historically speaking, this faith is nothing but faith in the Greek *logos* or a psychological enslavement to the Greek habit of thought; this enslavement goes so far as to make us declare, with the Greekest of the Greeks, that it is, or would be, absurd or barbarous of reality or God, to be in any way un-Greek.

The belief that life and truth can be wholly parcelled out into subjects, or specialisms, is very widespread indeed. Contemporary life is subject-ridden, and consequently authority-dominated, to an extraordinary extent. The time will soon come, and sooner perhaps in the New World than in the Old, when we shall not dare to make love, marry, or beget children unless we have a degree in each of these subjects. Or perhaps we shall engage in these activities only vicariously, through a separate professor for each. The spread of university education is not the only cause of this parcelling out. But it is in the university that we can best see it at work—that is to say, see atomisation and specialisation.

Still, knowledge must advance, and this may be the price which has to be paid by professor and pupil alike. There are, however, subjects and subjects, and some subjects ought not perhaps to be subjects; the University should not try to be co-extensive with the Universe. Thus, the man who devotes his life to studying the two hindmost legs of the centipede does not, indeed, advance the centipede, but he does advance science. Similarly, the professor of English—and what is said of English, applies to every literature or art turned into a subject—the professor of English advances, not English literature, but the 'Eng.

Lit.' of the examination syllabus. But whom or what does it advance? It may, perhaps, advance some other subject, history for example, or sociology or psychology. But this it can do only if he himself a historian, sociologist, or psychologist and treats English literature as the raw material for one or other of these subjects. Can he in any rate develop the appreciation of literature? But real appreciation of literature entails engagement—it entails being involved in the game of life. The professorial method can only turn out spectators who are experts at naming and docketing the author's tricks. Such are the 'chattering striplings' Aristophanes speaks of when ridiculing this kind of literary education, a sophistic one: they discuss an orator's phrase rattling off new-fangled terms like 'synerctical', 'perantical', 'gnomological', 'croustical', 'cataleptical'.

In what I have been saying, I have, of course, not been trying to attack professors in general or some professors in particular. On the contrary, I have only been echoing the opinions and distress of many of them, voiced in many a book and at many a conference. It is not the professors who are responsible for the shortcomings of the professorial method, nor is it their fault that knowledge is not wisdom as the original professors, the sophists, deemed it was. The responsibility and fault lie with *Moirai* or *Ananke*, Fate or Necessity, which in this case is identical with the logic of conceptualisation. They have not made the logic, but, on the contrary, have been made by it; they are its children visited by the sins of the parent, and are to be considered victims, less, and perhaps even more, than are their pupils. What can they themselves do to mitigate the working of that Fate? They can be penetrated with a sense of their own unimportance (the greatest of them always have been). They can help to undermine the wide-spread subject-authoritarianism, or dictatorship, and the exaggerated respect often accorded to them by the general public. This they can do by insisting on the limitations of their own subject in particular and the subjects-method in general (many of them do this). They can also try to set up chairs without subjects, make professors who profess nothing (all of them would like to sit on such chairs but find it difficult to agree on the degree that should qualify one of them). However that may be, the fact is that, after well over 2,000 years, we—and that means professors, or sophists, more perhaps than anybody else—have to ask the same question as Socrates asked of the first sophists or professors: Is the *sophia* which is knowledge and skill or power the same as the *sophia* which is wisdom? To this the experience of 2,000 years and more has added another and a more excruciating question: How is it that as the first *sophia*, that which is knowledge and power, has waxed, the second, that which is wisdom, seems to have correspondingly waned?—*Third Programme*

On the Daeth of Dylan Thomas

Daeth, ye are great.
We have to hand it til ye.
Ye are the final state
Of all humanitie.

Dylan telt ye plain
Ye had nae swey owre him,
But nou that he is gane
Sae suin, it seems ye've won.

I for ane, Daeth,
Have lang grantet your pouer:
Ye wha rieved the braeth
Of mony a freend in war.

And yet, Daeth, evin I,
At thocht of your latest prize,
Yon giant faith gane bye
That atlased up our skies,

Maugre ye and maugre hell,
Culd tak ye on myself.

TOM SCOTT

The Month's Work in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

IN the kitchen garden you may be finding there are spaces in the pea rows, or in the carrots and beetroot. There is no doubt this bad germination has been due to the cold wet weather of both April and May. I would suggest that so long as there is a fair scattering of peas all along the rows, they are probably best left as they are. It is surprising how they will fill out. And, while we are talking of peas, if you have the space there is still time to make another sowing, so long as it is done before the middle of the month, and the succession will then keep you supplied with fresh garden peas until well into September.

Filling up Spaces in Rows

If there are spaces in the carrot and beetroot rows, then I think it is worth sowing again; they will, I know, be a little behind those that are already up, but they have plenty of time to make good roots. The best way to do it is to move a little soil aside with the finger in each large space and drop a few seeds here and there, cover them with about half an inch of soil, and it will not be long before the seedlings will be showing. It is, I am afraid, too late now to sow parsnips; they require longer to make roots large enough to be of any use. If you are in any doubt about your runner beans, I would certainly push another bean in here and there to make sure the rows are full. If you soak them in water for about twenty-four hours before you sow, they will not take long to germinate.

Onions, generally, look exceptionally well considering the weather. Those rows I have seen looked plenty full enough, and even the planted-out onions looked as though they were beginning to get established and make fresh growth in the centres.

I have not as yet noticed much black fly on the broad beans. As soon as there are a few trusses of flower fully out, it is a wise plan to pinch out the young tip of each plant before the black fly does become a nuisance, and if there are a few about, then spray the rows of broad beans with one of the B.H.C. sprays to stop the fly from spreading. If they do get numerous on the broad beans they will soon begin to attack the runner beans, and a spray now can quite easily prevent that.

Let me remind you that if you have not planted your Brussels sprouts, that is a job which must be done during the next week. Celery should be ready for planting during the next fortnight, too, and some time during the month the leeks must be planted. They will appreciate a part of the garden that has been dug and manured. Before planting, sprinkle some general fertiliser over the surface at the rate of a good handful to each square yard. The best way to plant leeks for general use is to make holes with the dibber about six inches deep and nine to twelve inches apart, allowing fifteen to eighteen inches between the rows. Drop one leek plant in each hole so that the top of the foliage is left showing above the surface. Do not push any soil into the holes; pour a drop of water into each hole, this will carry enough soil down to cover the roots and help to settle the plants in, and apart from keeping the weeds down between the rows no more is necessary.

It is safe now to plant the out-door tomatoes; the ideal place for them is against a wall facing south or south-west, but failing this they will do well in a row across the garden; the most important thing is a place where they will get plenty of sunshine. If you are getting one of the ordinary varieties, put the canes or stakes in first about eighteen inches apart, and plant to the stakes, making sure they are tied securely before you leave them. Do not forget the stems of the plants will increase about two or three times their present thickness, so the string, or raffia, must be sufficiently loose to allow for this. If you leave a saucer-like impression in the soil round each plant, watering will be so much easier later on.

The bush types of outdoor tomatoes such as the 'Amateur' or the 'Atom' do not normally require staking, but if there are cats about it is as well to put a small stick or cane to each plant to protect it in the early stages. These bush tomatoes are very good. The side shoots are not removed as in the case of the others, they are left to grow;

but I find it is an advantage to thin them out later in the season when the trusses of fruit are well formed. The most important thing with the bush tomatoes is to put some clean straw round each plant to prevent the fruit from being spoilt by resting on the soil.

It will be worth your while to spray along the rows of raspberries, so soon as they begin to flower, with a D.D.T. spray to prevent that maggot damage in the fruits. With a few days' warm sunshine, cucumbers and melons make rapid growth in the garden frame, and to get good cucumbers or melons stopping the growths is a necessary operation. Let us take the cucumbers first. Each plant will grow first of all one main shoot; this should be allowed to develop about eight or ten leaves and then the young tip of this growth can be pinched out. From each of the leaf joints a young lateral shoot will grow; on these lateral shoots you will see the young cucumbers in the leaf joints, and the tips of these shoots can be pinched out at the third or fourth leaf. As well as cucumbers at the leaf joint, a sub-lateral growth will form as well, and these can be treated in exactly the same way, and so on right through the season. It amounts to this, the first main growth is allowed to grow until it is about eighteen inches long and is then stopped; each side or lateral growth is stopped at the third or fourth leaf. Pollination is not necessary in the case of the cucumber; they will develop without. All the male flowers can be picked off as they develop; not only will you be throwing the extra energy into the plant but you will prevent the cucumber flowers from becoming pollinated by insects, etc.

As the plant grows you will notice the white roots showing on top of the mound of soil; that tells you that a little fresh soil, as a top dressing, is necessary. By occasional top dressings and feeding, say, once a week with some liquid fertiliser, the plant should continue to produce cucumbers until well into the autumn. You must be careful not to put fertiliser on the foliage or it will scorch, and it is a good plan to shade the frame on sunny days.

How to Grow Melons

The treatment of a melon in the garden frame is somewhat different. The main growth is allowed to develop until it is about eighteen to twenty-four inches long and then the young tip is pinched out. Lateral growths will form in the same way as the cucumber. The young melon's flowers may develop on the lateral growth, but more likely on the sub-laterals. The lateral growths can be stopped at about the third or fourth leaf, and the sub-laterals which will form from these stopped at one leaf beyond the melon flower. All growths beyond this should be stopped or pinched out at the first leaf.

The male and female flowers on the melon are separate like those of the cucumber, but a melon must be pollinated before it will develop. Leave the plant until you have about four or six melon flowers open at the same time. The female is quite easily seen because of the small round melon behind the flower. There will always be plenty of male flowers, those required for pollination, in bloom. At midday when the pollen is dry, take a male flower, pull off the petals to expose the pollen anthers and just turn it round inside the female flower and leave it there. Pollination can be done with a small camel-hair brush, but I prefer to use the male flower itself. Three or four melons are ample for one plant to carry. As they develop, select three or four of even size to remain and cut off all the remainder. Give the plant plenty of water, feed it at least once a week in the same way as the cucumber, and you will soon have some good-sized melons. Later in the season, on opening the frame, you will begin to get that lovely aroma of a ripe melon; that is the time to stop feeding and gradually reduce the amount of water and increase the ventilation on warm days.

Now for the other jobs to be done this month. We must be thinking of flowers for next spring, and it is time to sow wallflowers, forget-me-nots, daisies, aubretia, and winter-flowering pansies. I have lately noticed many geraniums planted out in front gardens; the large leaves have turned a bronze crimson, and this is entirely due to the cold winds and cold nights. It need not cause you concern, the new growths will come green and the plants will flower quite freely from the middle of the month onwards.—*From a talk in the Midland Home Service*



Still working at top pressure, Mr. Holbrook?

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Ruling Class in Russia

Sir,—May I correct Professor Seton-Watson's conception of the development of two 'types' of school in the Soviet Union, one for a hereditary *élite* 'with a sprinkling of brilliant pupils of more humble origin', and the other for a lower class. This is entirely at variance with the facts, as surely he should know if he has tried to make himself familiar with the material available.

Already, in the cities, about seventy per cent. of children attend the common ten-year school until the age of seventeen, and, in Moscow and Leningrad, as I found during a visit there six weeks ago, the proportion is higher. Universal secondary education means that all children will attend this school; this objective will be achieved in the near future in the cities and, by the early nineteen-sixties, throughout the country as a whole.

The technicums, therefore, will not recruit their pupils at fourteen, as they do now, but at seventeen; their function is changing. I was able to confirm this when in Moscow, where already these schools run two- or three-year professional courses for students who have completed their ten years' general education in the common school. Mr. Seton-Watson is, therefore, incorrect when he suggests that the technicums will continue at present and cater for a lower class.

It is not true that there is no talk of abolishing fees for children aged fourteen to seventeen. Soviet educationists expect these to be abolished when the law is passed making education compulsory to seventeen, and this law applying to cities is expected in the next year or two. Just how little the present small fees operate to exclude pupils is evident from the enormous increase in numbers already staying to seventeen, both in the towns and in the country, although this is not yet compulsory.

Yours, etc.,

Leicester

BRIAN SIMON

Economics as an Applied Science

Sir,—The late John Buckatzsch said (THE LISTENER, June 2) that applied economics probably has inescapable limitations.

The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines economics as 'the practical science of the production and distribution of wealth'. But economists in general are the least scientific of men. They tend to be less interested in discovering objective facts than in trying to make facts fit certain assumptions in moral and social philosophy.

Their job should be to find out and to state all the available facts about the production and distribution of real wealth. After that they have as much right to state their opinions on how the facts should be dealt with in order to conform with their own moral and philosophical and political ideas as anyone else, but as ordinary citizens and *not* as economists. At present economics and moral philosophy are being confused. Hence the supposed 'limitations' of applied economics.

To come down to a case: Mr. Buckatzsch stated in his talk: 'If we want . . . freedom from both unemployment and cumulative inflation, we must have adequate quantities of information about the structures of the economy'. From this it is clear that at least one economist took for

granted that (i) the objective of an economic system is to provide everyone with work (an absurd, and indeed immoral, belief today), and that (ii) inflation results from the economic structure as a whole and not, as it obviously must do, from purely financial manipulations which at present prohibit the proper, scientific relationship between real wealth and the abstraction called money (a convenient abstraction if not abused).

We do not ask economists to preach. We ask them to give us all the facts which they can discover about the production and distribution of real wealth. If they dealt with their subject in this way, they would not regard it as having 'inescapable limitations'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

ERIC DE MARÉ

Round the London Galleries

Sir,—I would like to point out to Mr. Clutton-Brock (THE LISTENER, June 2) that I did not go out of my way to look for violence in the paintings of bull-fights. In fact, that aspect of the subject interested me least. Nor do I complain of the kitchen sink, and it is extremely doubtful whether the French realists are complaining of the afflictions of their quarter. They are painting those things with which they have contact every day.

The social realists may complain, but I have never met any painter in this country who is a social realist. Who are they? Perhaps Mr. Clutton-Brock could enlighten me.

I certainly refuse to accept the label.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.10

JACK SMITH

'Meaning and Symbol'

Sir,—Mr. Digby does not like my attributing to him the argument 'that pictures communicate via archetypal symbols which we can learn to recognise from a study of Jung . . .'. On page twenty-eight of his book he writes:

But it [dynamic psychology] contains a vast store of knowledge about symbols and psychological processes. Particularly important are the archetypal symbols and the mythological themes which reappear ever anew in the individual. . . . This is of the greatest importance in the understanding of art—the graphic and plastic arts as well as literature—just as in the understanding of anthropology and mythology. . . . In all these subjects knowledge of psychological principles and symbols is essential.

I do not argue with this view; it seems to me irrefutable. However, I tried to express with a crude phrase what seemed to me a crude and generalised statement of it.

' . . . symbols must first and foremost be experienced inside oneself, otherwise they remain mere verbal formulas'. Mr. Digby and I are in complete agreement here. But Mr. Digby's book is about pictures and we differ as to where our experience of their symbols must begin. I tried to infer in my review that our experiences should include as many aspects of the picture as possible. I found it difficult to accept Mr. Digby's view of a picture either as a deliberate communication of an 'experience', or as a collective dream. For a commentary which does not make a fundamental distinction between a

masterpiece and a hackwork does not seem to me to enlarge our understanding of the meaning of pictures.

The fact that Mr. Digby, in a book upon the visual arts, feels that he has actually to tell us that 'The experience which lies behind the work of art is intimately bound up with the form through which it is expressed' seems to me to justify my suggestion that he does not give as much weight to the formal part of the picture as the nature of the art demands.

With regard to art criticism, Mr. Digby's 'quarrel' with it seems to be based upon an impression thirty years out of date. Does Mr. Digby honestly believe that writers like Stokes, Gowing, Schapiro, Clark, Read, to mention a few names at random, are without influence on art criticism? Whether they are explicit in their terms or not, none could write as they do without an understanding of psychology, whether Jungian or otherwise. All discuss aesthetic form in relation to the 'inner spiritual or psychological content'; and, moreover, they succeed in applying their knowledge and intuitions constructively rather than otherwise.

Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

African Pro-Consul

Sir,—I was greatly interested in the talk 'African Pro-Consul', by Miss Margery Perham, in THE LISTENER of June 2. Like Miss Perham, I recently stood on the knoll at Kampala, which is where the late Lord Lugard had his camp. I believe it is now given over to the care of the local Boy Scouts. No one who has travelled British East Africa, and gone up from Mombasa to Kampala, can have failed to be impressed by the really great work which Lord Lugard did in that part of Africa.

Again, like Miss Perham, I know something of the Surrey Hills, and the countryside around Leith Hill. I am especially fond of that small part known as Abinger Hatch, and was saddened when the lovely little church there was partly destroyed by a V.1 in 1944. I have been abroad since 1947, and upon my return made it my business once again to visit Abinger Hatch, and noted that the church had been fully repaired and restored. I slowly walked round inside, admiring all the loving care which had been given to the work of restoration. Looking up at one of the walls, I noted a marble tablet to the memory of the late Lord Lugard. At the foot of it was the following epitaph, which is engraved in my memory for all time:

All that I did, was to try to lay my bricks straight.
What very wonderful words!

Yours, etc.,

Thornton Heath EDWARD W. PINDER

The Folio Society has published a fine edition, printed by the Cambridge University Press, of *A Journal of the Terror*, being an account of the occurrences in the Temple during the confinement of Louis XVI, by M. Cléry, the King's *valet-de-chambre*, together with a description of the last hours of the King, by the Abbé de Firmont. The book, which is edited by Sidney Scott, is illustrated, and the design of the binding is based on that of a copy of Theocritus bound for Marie Antoinette in 1792 and bearing her arms. The price is 18s.

NEWS DIARY

June 1-7

Wednesday, June 1

The T.U.C. General Purposes Committee holds a meeting with the leaders of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen

Telegram received in London announces that a British expedition has climbed Kangchenjunga in the Himalayas

The T.U.C. General Council publishes a statement about the dock strike

Thursday, June 2

T.U.C. leaders report to the Minister of Labour that their talks with the two railway unions have failed. Six steel works in Wales announce that they are to stop production owing to the railway strike

A joint *communiqué* on the talks between Yugoslav and Soviet statesmen is published in Belgrade

Friday, June 3

Nearly 7,000 trains are run on British railways during a period of twenty-four hours in spite of the strike

More policemen are ordered to move into London to help control weekend traffic

Three liners are held up in Liverpool because of strikes by the crews

Saturday, June 4

Minister of Transport signs order empowering regional commissioners to requisition lorries to move coal

The crews of two more liners go on unofficial strike

Angela Mortimer of Great Britain wins the final of the women's singles in the French lawn tennis championships

Sunday, June 5

Sir Anthony Eden broadcasts a report to the nation after the first week of the railway strike

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchey arrive back in Moscow from their visit to Yugoslavia

Fighting between the Hoa Hao sect and the Viet-Nam forces breaks out in the Mekong River delta

Monday, June 6

General Council of T.U.C. puts forward five-point proposal for ending railway strike

Western Powers propose four-power meeting with Russia at Geneva on July 18

Tuesday, June 7

Leaders of three railwaymen's unions discuss T.U.C.'s plan to end strike with leaders of T.U.C. A.S.L.E.F. accepts the plan

Parliament reassembles and re-elects Mr. W. S. Morrison as Speaker

Heavy rain causes flooding in South Wales
Report of Royal Commission on Taxation of Profits and Income is published



A photograph taken at King's Cross Station, London, last week, showing locomotives standing idle outside the sheds. As the railway strike entered its second week, the Prime Minister, in another broadcast to the nation on Sunday, emphasised the serious effect that 'this disastrous business' will have on the economy of the nation. 'If we go on like this', said Sir Anthony Eden, 'we shall smash up our hard-earned prosperity'



It was announced on June 3 that nearly 1,000 acres of the famous Welsh mountain, Cader Idris, have been declared a nature reserve. In this photograph the lower slopes of Cader Idris are seen across Tal-y-Llyn



London since the start of the railway strike—rush-hour road transport. After the disorganisation of the first strike, an emergency traffic scheme was put into the end of the week conditions on the roads had greatly improved



On June 5, the eve of the eleventh anniversary of D-Day, the Duke of Gloucester unveiled a memorial at Bayeux to members of the British Commonwealth forces who were killed in the Normandy campaign and have no known grave. The Duke is seen arriving for the ceremony accompanied by General Jean Ganeval who represented the President of the French Republic. Owing to the railway strike hundreds of relatives of the dead were unable to be present



The opening night of 'The Tempest' at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, London, on June 1

Left: the hall of Staple Inn, Holborn, London. The sixteenth-century building was destroyed by a flying-bomb in 1944. It has been restored as closely as possible to the original and was re-opened on May 31 by Sir Hartley Shawcross

OXFORD BOOKS

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This is the first edition of Corbett's poems since 1807. In the late 16th and early 17th centuries, he was known and celebrated as 'a very pleasant poetical Dean', 'the best poet of all the Bishops of England', and his poems were widely circulated in manuscript; after his death they found their way into anthologies. This edition contains, as well as the text of the poems and explanatory notes, a portrait and life of the poet. 30s. net. READY 16 JUNE

The Homeric Odyssey

BY D. L. PAGE

The *Odyssey* has always ranked, as a whole, among the greatest masterpieces of the storyteller's art, but here and there the quality seems to sink below the average high level. The prevalent opinion today is that it is the work of several poets. Professor Page, who is primarily addressing non-specialist readers, examines the structure of the poem and defines and discusses the principal obstacles to the belief that the *Odyssey*, in its present form, is the work of a single poet. 21s. net
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THE OXFORD JUNIOR ENCYCLOPAEDIA Volume VIII Engineering

EDITORS: F. M. S. HARMAR-BROWN, F. J. M. LAVER,
SIR ALEXANDER GIBB & PARTNERS, A. M. WOOD

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Summer Books

From Pisano to Ghiberti

An Introduction to Italian Sculpture. By John Pope-Hennessy. Part I: Italian Gothic Sculpture. Phaidon. 42s.

Reviewed by L. D. ETTLINGER

MR. POPE-HENNESSY has given a provocative title to the first part of his three-volume *Introduction to Italian Sculpture*. Only too often is Nicola Pisano treated simply as the great harbinger of the classical revival and everything executed after 1400 is labelled 'Renaissance'. But in calling Italian sculpture between Nicola Pisano and Ghiberti 'Gothic', Mr. Pope-Hennessy forcefully reminds us that Italy during the latter part of the Middle Ages was by no means a mere isolated refuge of the classical heritage only occasionally tainted by northern barbarism; like England and Germany, Italy too developed her own brand of Gothic. Yet it was a Gothic never unaware of the antique. Arnolfo di Cambio's recumbent Virgin (Florence, Opera del Duomo) fuses impressions of Roman tomb figures and French Gothic carving into a new and moving monumentality; the assiduous reader of Pliny and modest collector of antiques, the designer of a bronze door which Michelangelo thought worthy of Paradise, remained in the essentials of his formal language still Gothic, imitating rather than consciously employing the intellectual formulae of the early Renaissance.

It is a deeply ingrained habit to look upon Italian sculpture as if it were the very opposite of everything medieval. If anybody is to be blamed for such a view it must be the first historian of Renaissance art: Vasari. This disciple of Michelangelo and first truly academic artist foisted so persuasive an evolutionary system on the history of the arts from the fourteenth to the mid-sixteenth century that we still find it difficult to shake off his pattern, and as far as Italian art is concerned, his hostility to anything smacking of the Middle Ages is still very much with us. In fact, he has made us forget the continuity of history; we are still apt to see a revolution where we should study a gradual shifting of accents and a change in compositional technique. The great historians of the Renaissance such as Burckhardt or Symonds have marvelously elaborated Vasari's construction and the fissures in the edifice have only recently become visible. We have learnt a good deal about the positive achievements of Italian medieval architecture and we are now also aware of Italy's contribution to the final flowering of Gothic painting—the International Style. Thus Mr. Pope-Hennessy's book would have been highly welcome, even if he had done no more than give Italian sculpture from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century its proper perspective.

The author begins by reminding us of the close political and cultural ties between Italy and France: Naples was under Angevin rule for centuries, the Popes resided at Avignon for the best part of the trecento and Nicola Pisano must have been conversant with a good deal of French art. Yet it would be wholly irrelevant to speak of Italian Gothic sculpture simply as an offshoot of French art. The great strength and attraction of Mr. Pope-Hennessy's argument lies in the fact that he

never sets out to chase borrowings or derivations but that he introduces us to that peculiarly Italian style which partakes both of the classical heritage and of Gothic. If French medieval sculpture was the unmistakable product of the cathedral workshop, bound in every sense of the word into the fabric of the cathedral, Italian sculpture always retained that autonomy which is characteristic of classical antiquity. It was the work of strong personalities with independent minds, of artists who understood the formal principles of the few classical monuments

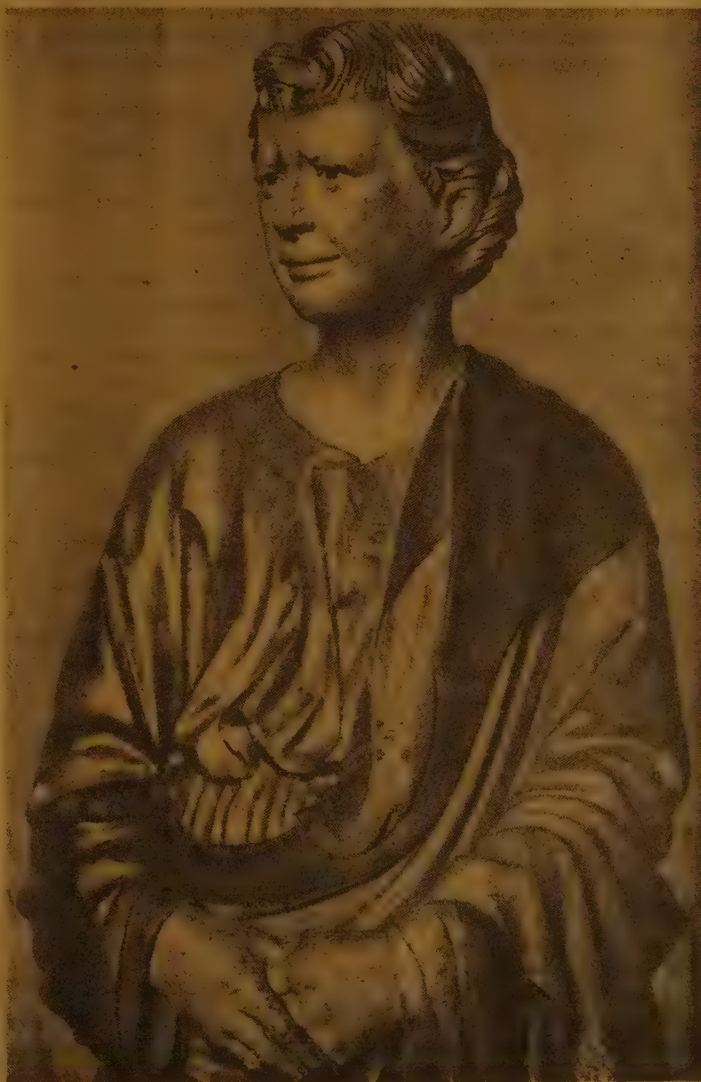
known to them (mostly Roman sarcophagi) just as well as the international Gothic idiom. A Jacopo della Quercia can evoke memories both of French miniatures and of the monumentality of the antique; a Nanni di Banco can almost re-create a Roman head and yet give his draperies at times a linear Gothic design. In fact, the masters discussed in this book may be looked at both from the classical and from the Gothic point of view; they can only be fully understood once we appreciate that they were neither or both. A history of Italian Gothic sculpture must treat of this always precarious balance between two fundamentally different styles.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy has not attempted to define 'Gothic' in abstract terms; the meaning of the word is rather demonstrated through sensitive analysis of well-chosen examples. Today so much writing on art suffers from intellectual conceit that it is refreshing to find a book which can lay bare the homogeneity and character of a period without the ponderous apparatus of aesthetic, sociological, or even metaphysical bombast. In Italy the ever-varying fortunes of the classical heritage and of the imported Gothic forms were shaped by the free choice of creative artists, not by indeterminate historical forces.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy's method follows from this conviction. In his preface he states that his 'text is conceived strictly as a stylistic survey'—and for this survey he has chosen Vasari's method: he discusses individual masters in historical sequence. He ends this volume with Ghiberti, 'neither a purely Gothic nor in the

strict sense of the term a Renaissance artist'; and if he opens his second volume with Donatello he will still seem to hark back to Vasari, for he too had to admit that Donatello while being Ghiberti's contemporary had far more in common with that style properly called the Renaissance.

This tersely written and stimulating essay is by no means the only merit of the book. Used together with the 200 judiciously chosen and well-reproduced illustrations it will give the general reader a fine introduction to Italian Gothic sculpture. But the appendix of notes on sculptors and plates, complete with critical bibliographies, will serve as a short textbook for students. In fact, a book of such scope sold at two guineas is as much a credit to the author as it is to the publisher.



St. John the Evangelist, a figure in pigmented wood, by Domenico di Niccolò. From S. Pietro Ovile, Siena

From 'Italian Gothic Sculpture'



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Longmans

Chasse au Bonheur

The Private Diaries of Stendhal

Edited and translated by Robert Sage. Gollancz. 25s.

THE DIARIES BEGIN where *Henri Brulard* (written in 1835) leaves off. It was only in his fifties that Stendhal felt able to look back to his horrifying childhood in Grenoble ('It's still too hard for me to bear the sight of a small town', he noted in 1806). But in 1801, when he was eighteen, he had escaped—he was in Milan, and on April 18 he began to write the diary he was to keep for twenty years. 'I'm undertaking to write the history of my life from day to day', he wrote in the first impulsive entry, '... there's a mistake in the French already: there will be a lot more, because I'm making it a rule not to stand on ceremony and never to erase'.

The result is curiously different from the other famous *journaux intimes*—Constant, or Amiel. This diary is never the compensation for what Charles du Bos called 'total despair at the prospect of having to write', although in all these years Stendhal failed to achieve the comedy 'in the manner of Molière' to which he had set himself. Neither is it a means of reassuring himself that he is really alive—the reassurance Amiel required. But since he had offered himself to the Comic Genius it was necessary for him to know the ways of the human heart, and how better could he reach this knowledge than by observing his own? 'Everything which takes me away from the knowledge of the human heart is without interest to me'. Therefore, '*Nosce te ipsum*. I believe ... that therein lies the road to happiness. My means is this diary'. He begins to be the hero of the novel he will write twenty years later, sustaining 'a role such as Molière might have written, being the actor as well as the author'. And although each day is a further plotting of the emotional graph, this diary refuses the luxuriance of self-pity; it self-observes.

But 'the road to happiness'? What did Stendhal mean by the *bonheur* which he so constantly invokes? He notes down the small occasions of it, though infrequently. 'I've just been to *Figaro*, (Mlle) Mar's delightful face. A spring day, long bath, "Tom Jones", *bonheur*'. 'I was fraught with that filtered sensibility which makes you enjoy yourself'. 'I danced a quadrille. I played bouillotte. All that is gay, animated, but asinine ...'. But:

If some indiscreet person reads this diary, I wish to deprive him the pleasure of making fun of me ... It is destined to cure me of my absurdities when I re-read it in 1820. It is a written part of my intimate consciousness; and what is most worth while, what I have felt at the sound of the music of Mozart, while reading Tasso, upon being wakened by a barrel organ, while giving my arm to the mistress of the moment, is not to be found here. Hence, I beseech you on bended knee not to make fun of me.

He can be trusted to do that for himself. The *Journal's* most endearing trait is the wryness that dogs the sensibilities. 'I ought to examine myself thoroughly', he wrote after the liaison with Mélanie, 'so as to find out what I ought to desire: I believe that, at bottom, I haven't the slightest idea. I desired passionately to be loved by a melancholy and slender woman who was an actress. I was ...'. 'At six o'clock I found I was in love with Signora Pietragnua (*catin sublime à la Lucrèce Borgia*); bashfulness was born: from that moment a frightful gloom filled my soul'. Each love affair was a *chasse au bonheur* which never quite came off, even if it was brought, after agonising preliminaries, to the desired consummation. Victorine, Mélanie, Alexandrine, Minette, Angéline, Angéla—or the elaborate pseudonyms which the diarist bestowed on them—followed each other with a rapidity which appears to make them contemporaneous, as indeed they sometimes were. What was it that went wrong? 'With the quality of being extremely sensitive I combined that of desiring to be considered a *roué*, and it is obvious that I was the very opposite of that character'. Nevertheless, 'as soon as I have amended my character, which is melancholy through bad habit and infatuation with Rousseau, I'll have, I hope, a very agreeable one: gaiety in the best taste on a basis of extreme tenderness'. By 1811 he felt he had outgrown the effect of reading *La Nouvelle Héloïse* in the garrets of Grenoble and could sum it all up: 'My love affairs have always been a bit disturbed by my concern with being agreeable; in other words, being occupied with a role. In the circumstances you can't be thoroughly natural'.

To be natural—that was the point; to become what you are—that was *bonheur*. The Diaries are the years of apprenticeship, not to success, but to a style. Stendhal's ambitions crumbled with the Empire and the

Journal ends in the material poverty with which it began. But now he is without illusion, without vanity; and he has achieved a style in which there is no division between the man as he is and the things he wants to say. In the years ahead he will make a world which, like Mozart's world, means nothing but itself because it is without hypocrisy. It will have the secret of *bonheur*.

A word about this edition of the Diaries. The translation (American) is excellent: easy, fluid, laconic. The reader should be warned, however, that he may be irritated by the commentaries which intersperse the text. Mr. Sage is a learned Stendhalian and his knowledge of the complicated background can be trusted, but occasionally his voice is a cinema voice: '... he wistfully witnessed the colourful spectacle of Milan from the sidelines'. Yet once the Diaries have established their own voice Stendhal, to our pleasure, takes charge.

H. G. WHITEMAN

His Excellency the Spectre

The Holstein Memoirs

Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher. Cambridge. 25s.

THE CAREER OF FRIEDRICH VON HOLSTEIN has given rise to many legends. For sixteen critical years, from 1890 to 1906, he did in fact direct German foreign policy, although he deliberately refused promotion or public recognition, and was content to be the 'Grey Eminence'—and to be known as such. Early in his official career he was believed to have been used by Bismarck to spy on his chief, the Ambassador in Paris, Count Harry von Arnim; and after his fall he is thought to have drawn on an accumulated supply of blackmail material in order to contribute to the ruin of those he held responsible for his dismissal, notably Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg. Subsequently historians have taken him at his own valuation, and studies of his life and policies have appeared under such titles as 'The Oracle of the Wilhelmstrasse' or even 'His Excellency the Spectre'.

The news that Holstein's private papers, including his memoirs, diaries and political correspondence, had been found among the captured archives of the German Foreign Office was exciting both to diplomatic historians and to connoisseurs of the rich scandal of the Wilhelmine era. By a piece of good luck the owners of the papers (which had been confiscated by the Nazi Government) were able to establish their claim and thus enable the editors to elude the Foreign Office's ban on historians using the German Foreign Office documents. We now have the first volume, well produced and admirably edited and translated. It consists of a group of memoirs written at various times in Holstein's life. Further volumes will contain the diaries and letters.

Perhaps we were wrong to expect fascinating and sensational revelations, for there is always a tendency for historians to hope for too much from unpublished archives. Certainly these memoirs add nothing to our knowledge of the period or of Holstein's character, except to suggest that he was far less interesting and perhaps even less sinister than we had supposed. The editors argue, for instance, in their introduction, on the basis of documents in the archives which they are presumably not allowed to publish, that Holstein's part in the Arnim affair was not dishonourable, and that it had no effect on his subsequent career.

The picture of Holstein that one gets is of a mean and petty man interested in spiteful and tedious gossip about his colleagues and superiors, doing his official duty conscientiously, and without any interests beyond his work—simply a typical, rather nasty German official. Nor has he much to say of political importance; and, as the editors point out in their meticulous footnotes, he is often inaccurate. His judgement—at any rate after the event—is quite good. He sees clearly, for example, that it was Bülow's insistence that Britain should join the Triple Alliance which led to the failure of the negotiations in 1901: and that it would have been, from the British point of view, dangerous and foolish for Britain to have bought German friendship on these terms. But it is typical of his tendency to see politics in terms of personal spite that he should attribute Bülow's attitude to England to the fact that he felt that the British had betrayed Denmark in 1864, and that, with the separation of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, Bülow's father had lost his job as representative of the Duchies with the Federal Diet at Frankfurt.

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Is the whole Holstein legend a hoax? Or did he, as Dr. Rich and Mr. Fisher suggest, so edit his own papers that the real secrets are still lacking? We must be grateful to the Cambridge University Press for satisfying some of our curiosity, and to Dr. Rich and Mr. Fisher for their scrupulous scholarship. But unless, as well they may, the diaries and letters prove a great deal more interesting than these Memoirs, the publication of the documents will merely deflate one more sinister reputation. The political historian reading this volume can only repeat the words Sir Lewis Namier used about the memoirs of Holstein's colleague Bülow: 'an unconscious, pitiless exposure of a pitiful set which ruled and ruined a nation hard-working and intelligent, even though uncouth and, in a deeper sense, not altogether civilised'. The amateur of German memoirs and gossip, on the other hand, will leave this book and return with renewed pleasure to the works of Walburga, Lady Paget, or Daisy, Princess of Pless.

JAMES JOLL

A Revolutionary Humanist

Literary and Philosophical Essays. By Jean-Paul Sartre
Translated by Annette Michelson. Rider. 18s.

THIS VOLUME IS MADE UP of selections from two similar French volumes, *Situations I* (1947) and *Situations III* (1949), occasional pieces written between 1938 and 1946. The choice was presumably dictated by considerations of what might still interest an English public, and a reference to the original texts shows that nothing has been omitted that we need regret, except possibly the fifty-page essay on Francis Ponge, a fascinating writer too little known in this country. Nevertheless, the result is not satisfactory. More than half the book is taken up by book reviews that were hardly worth the trouble of translation, and by three magazine articles on the United States that do not pretend to be more than superficially impressionistic. The book reviews are smart ('God is not an artist. Neither is M. Mauriac') or rash ('I regard Dos Passos as the greatest writer of our time') or paradoxical ('It seems as though Faulkner has laid hold of a frozen speed at the very heart of things; he is grazed by congealed spurts that wane and dwindle without moving'), and it all sounds better in French. But the second half of the book is much more substantial. It contains a long essay on Brice Parain, the author of *Investigations into the Nature and Function of Language*, a writer who has exercised considerable influence in post-war France; an essay on 'Cartesian Freedom', apropos of nothing in particular; and a much longer essay on 'Materialism and Revolution' which alone makes the book worth acquiring.

This is one of the most fundamental criticisms of Marxian philosophy ever written, and it is a pity that it should be tucked away at the back of this miscellany. Sartre begins by warning the reader that his criticisms are not directed against Marx himself, but against the Marxist scholasticism of 1949—'or, if you prefer, against Marx through Neo-Stalinist Marxism'. He speaks rather affectionately of the early Marx, the Marx who had not yet met Engels, the Marx who was still searching for a new concept to unify materialism and idealism. What emerged, and what was eventually codified and sanctified, was an all-embracing materialism, 'a metaphysics hiding behind positivism'. It is Sartre's aim to show that materialism is nevertheless as metaphysical as any idealistic attitude; 'but it is a self-destructive metaphysics, for by undermining metaphysics out of principle, it deprives its own statements of any foundation'.

Sartre shows that this Marxian materialism can maintain its specious logic only by a trick, the elimination of human subjectivity, that 'addition foreign to nature'. It is a trick, says Sartre, that is easy to expose, but his exposure requires several pages of close reasoning that a reviewer cannot hope to summarise. But, briefly, the materialist declares that he is an *object*, the subject-matter of science. He can only do this by constructing 'a slippery and contradictory concept of "matter"'. At times it is the poorest of abstractions and at others the richest of concrete totalities. It all depends on the immediate needs of the materialists. They jump from one interpretation to the other and mask one with the other. 'And when they are finally cornered and can no longer escape, they declare that materialism is a method, an intellectual orientation. If you pushed them a bit further, they would say that it is a style of living. They are not far wrong in this, and I, for my part, certainly

regard it as one of the forms of the conventional mentality and of flight from one's own self'. Or, as Sartre also puts it, 'the subjectivity of those who are ashamed of their subjectivity'.

Sartre has no difficulty in showing that materialism is really a furtive form of idealism, developed as a revolutionary myth for the working classes, and made an object of faith by the Stalinists. The true revolutionary philosophy, according to Sartre, involves the abandoning of all myths and a reversion to 'the real revolutionary necessity, which is to unite action with truth and thought with realism'. Action is defined as 'the unmasking of reality, and, at the same time, a modification of that reality'. Modification in what sense, in what direction? Sartre is not afraid to reveal his own idealism. However much the true revolutionary may distrust 'values', 'the mere fact that he is ready to sacrifice his life to an order, the coming of which he never expects to see, implies that this future order, which justifies all his acts but which he will not enjoy, acts as a value for him. What is a value if not the call of something which does not yet exist?' And what is revolutionary philosophy if not 'a philosophy of transcendence'?

At this point Sartre's argument links up with his existentialist philosophy—with his philosophy of freedom. Freedom is to be discovered 'only in the act, and is one with the act . . . it is the power to commit one's self in present action and to build a future; it generates a future which enables us to understand and to change the present'.

M. Sartre has ghosted us in the past with his novels and plays, often so full of violence and sadism (a recognition, he would say, of the fact that evil is a part of reality). But in this important essay, and elsewhere in his writings, he reveals himself as essentially a humanist. And suddenly one understands why he can regard Dos Passos as 'the greatest writer of our time'.

HERBERT READ

True-born Englishman

The Englishman. A Political Journal by Richard Steele
Edited by Rae Blanchard. Oxford. 50s.

FEW MEN HAVE EVER said handsomer things about the fair sex than Richard Steele. It is therefore appropriate that one of them in the twentieth century should have devoted herself to collecting and editing his letters, poems, miscellaneous tracts and essays for the modern reader. Professor Rae Blanchard, who now reprints Steele's *Englishman* essays for the first time since the early eighteenth century, tells us that this edition is intended as a companion volume to the *Tracts and Pamphlets* which she published in 1944. With those two volumes she has made available to the modern historian the greater part of Steele's political writings, and the significance of his contribution to the political journalism of his day is now evident. It is always rather depressing to see a fine writer giving up to party what was meant for mankind, and Steele does not emerge from political warfare without some mud on his hands. But at least he was sincere and wrote from utter conviction. If he hit hard, and sometimes below the belt, he never wrote to order; and towards the end of Queen Anne's reign he was to suffer for his outspokenness by being expelled from the House of Commons on the charge of seditious writing.

There are two series of *The Englishman*. In the first (tri-weekly, October 6, 1713—February 15, 1714) Steele was writing at the height of a political crisis. The Tories had brought a long war to a close with the Peace of Utrecht, and the Whigs now believed that they were planning to set aside the Protestant succession and bring in the Old Pretender. Steele's papers were therefore directed against the enemies of the Hanoverian succession, and more especially against the chief organ of the Tory Party, *The Examiner*. When he resumed *The Englishman* on July 11, 1715 (bi-weekly till November 21), Queen Anne was dead, George I was on the throne, and the Tories had been driven from office. But if the Whigs had started on a long period of political ascendancy, the country was again in a ferment from the impeachment of the late ministry and the outbreak of the 1715 rebellion. Steele's papers were now wholly political, and he was engaged in the rather unlovely task of blackening a defeated party, whose leaders he referred to as 'cheats' and 'parricides'. The most interesting papers in the second series are those in which he gives acid sketches of Oxford and Bolingbroke, on the one side, and a eulogy of Marlborough on the other. Most readers will enjoy these, but more generally readable are

the non-political essays which Steele interpolated occasionally in the first series. In No. 6 he writes on critics, in No. 26 on Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, and in No. 34 he describes very agreeably a visit to his old university. His most characteristic essay is perhaps No. 17, where Nestor Ironside holds forth on female dress, and tells of a lady of nice calculation who dressed so simply and naturally that she was invariably the most noticeable person in every company. 'This judicious young Woman', he concludes, 'was longer young than any I have ever known; and by following Nature, was never out of Fashion to her Dying-Day. She ever led her own Year of Life; and by never endeavouring to appear as young as those of fewer Years, appeared always much younger than those of her own'.

Like every good editor Miss Blanchard has collated the various editions. But need she have presented us with the fruits of her labour at the foot of each page? She follows an established practice, it is true; but surely it is a bad practice. The variants she has to record are mostly

trifling, and if it suits the publisher's convenience to enter them on the page, with numerals inserted in the text, it is nothing but irritation to the reader. Publishers appear to draw some private distinction between the general reader and the scholar, but most scholars are general readers most of the time. Not one reader in a thousand is likely to feel any satisfaction at being informed that for 'he's' the duodecimo reads 'he is', or that for 'were' the folio and octavo 'was'. It would surely be better if this textual apparatus, which amounts to little more than so much incense burnt at the shrine of Bibliography, were relegated to the end of the volume, and the explanatory notes, which *are* there, inserted at the foot of the page. We are grateful to Miss Blanchard for letting us know that in No. 9 'a young English Lady' appears in the folio as 'a young Gigglish Lady'; such rare felicities hardly compensate for the repeated petty distractions caused by the insistent numerals in the text. Will publishers please note.

JAMES SUTHERLAND

The Murder of Abraham Lincoln

The Day Lincoln Was Shot. By Jim Bishop. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.

AT 10.15 P.M. on April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot in the back of the head, while watching a performance of 'Our American Cousin', at Ford's Theatre in Washington. Nine hours later he died, without regaining consciousness. His murderer, a young actor named John Wilkes Booth, escaped by leaping down on to the stage from the President's box and riding off on a horse from the stage-door. At the same hour, accomplices of Booth were intended to kill the Vice-President and the Secretary of State.

Such is the familiar story: Mr. Bishop has had the idea of telling it as an hour-by-hour narrative of the movements of those involved, from 7.0 a.m. on April 14 to 7.0 a.m. next morning. His notion has much to commend it. Enough is known of the events of that twenty-four hours for the author to be able to describe in considerable detail what was happening, and yet to focus on the murder itself and the frantic night that followed. Within limits, Mr. Bishop has sifted his material well, and presents it coherently. His style has a certain verve, though it also has a certain jazzed up, mock-Currier-and-Ives vulgarity. Among the many writers who have tackled the subject, none has dealt with it more crisply and efficiently.

Nor does Mr. Bishop fail to point out the shabby ironies that accompanied the tragedy. Perhaps he is too hard on Mrs. Lincoln; even so, it is true that the President went unwillingly to the theatre, at her urging and in order to display General Grant to a Washington audience; that Grant maladroitly excused himself; that neither of the Lincolns felt it was inappropriate to attend a theatre on Good Friday (as a Catholic, though, Mr. Bishop makes a little too much of the religious significance of the day, as far as the average Protestant American was concerned); that the play they saw was an indifferent comedy (now remembered only for a character called Lord Dundreary, and his whiskers); that the policeman assigned to guard the President at the theatre was an irresponsible lout who absented himself at a neighbouring bar (and was never punished for his criminal negligence); that the murder threw official Washington into a deplorable panic; and that the pursuit of Booth was carried out with a curious ineptitude.

Indeed, these last facts have led one author (Otto Eisenschiml, in *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?*) to argue that the whole blame lay with

the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. Sensibly—one feels—Bishop avoids this seductive theory, although now and then in his strictures on poor Stanton he seems attracted by it. However, in general he sticks to the more plausible set of explanations offered in George Bryan's *Great American Myth* (a book for some reason not listed in Mr. Bishop's bibliography, which is a scrappy affair and also lacks

out Lloyd Lewis' *Myths After Lincoln*). According to him, Booth was not a madman, despite the insanity in the Booth family. Nor was he a failure as an actor, but a popular and successful performer—a vainglorious, histrionic Southerner, unlike Edgar Allan Poe in both appearance and temperament), whose original intention was to kidnap the President and take him south as a hostage. When the Confederacy collapsed, in April 1865, Booth concluded that his only chance of aiding the South was to assassinate Lincoln and those who stood next in precedence for the office. While his hopes were delusive, Booth was thus not completely unhinged; he acted, so to speak, in a context, and in this he differs from the creatures who later assassinated Presidents Garfield and McKinley.

So, with some skill, Mr. Bishop explains, picking his way among the tangled circumstances of Abraham Lincoln's death. Unfortunately, he does not always distinguish between fact and supposition: at least, not sharply enough to give one full confidence in his method. Possibly he has not made his own mind up on some minor aspects of the tale. At any rate, he abandons some of the characters in a disappointingly brief postscript, which might well be expanded in a subsequent edition. We read, for instance, that the doctor who tended Booth after the murder was convicted of conspiracy without having been given any adequate warning of this likelihood in the trial.

And why are we not told what became of the young army surgeon Lee whose devotion to the dying Lincoln is movingly evoked?

In short, it is possible to fault Mr. Bishop on a number of points. Still, the story he recounts is extraordinary and has a terrible fascination. Assisted by some excellent illustrations, he holds the reader's attention throughout one of the most harrowing days in history. This is a detective story in which the dead man counts for more than all survivors.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE



John Wilkes Booth

From 'The Day Lincoln Was Shot'

Mothers Maketh Men

Symbolic Wounds: Puberty Rites and the Envious Male
By Bruno Bettelheim. Thames and Hudson. 25s.

THE PRESENT CENTURY has been remarkably rich in myths about the earliest state of human society and religion; and probably the most influential of these myths (with the possible exception of Robert Graves' Triple Goddess) is Freud's fantasy of the jealous Old Men of the Horde, keeping all the women to themselves, and first castrating, and subsequently circumcising, the young men who might be their rivals. This myth has never received much credence from professional anthropologists; it has however been accepted not only by psychoanalysts but by a considerable section of the reading public. It was a myth which never had much inherent probability; but so great was the reverence for the Old Man of the (psychoanalytic) Horde that his followers have treated his beliefs as scriptural. Dr. Bettelheim is a man of great courage, as was shown by his study of his concentration camp experiences; and in this book, which is dedicated to Freud, he has had the courage to question the Master's mythography. Despite some reservations, the book is an important one, which should be read by all who are interested in psychological theory; although Dr. Bettelheim has not made a complete statement, he has undoubtedly demolished a number of false hypotheses and pointed the way to a more reasonable interpretation of initiation rites.

Dr. Bettelheim's major premise is that if any rite is to continue over generations it must provide some psychological satisfactions for all the members engaged in it; and he has therefore examined reports of initiation rites (to a great extent he has used the same material as Freud did in *Totem and Taboo*, particularly Spencer and Gillen on the Australian aborigines) from the point of view of the initiates rather than of the initiators only; and the reports show clearly that in nearly all recorded cases the initiates welcome the ceremonies, and are not forced into them, as one would expect the case to be if these mutilations were merely the gratification of the sadistic and castrating wishes of the old men. He got clues to the type of psychological gratification offered by these ordeals and genital mutilations from the study of disturbed adolescents at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago, where he is a staff member. All human children, he concludes, are envious of, and wish to possess, at least at times, the physical functions and anatomy of the sex to which they do not belong; and 'we should consider whether one of the reasons why boys' initiation rites are usually much more complex than girls' is that in many societies women can express their envy of men openly, it being in conformity with societal expectations, while men's comparable envy must be hidden and expressed only through ritual'.

For people of simple technology and little or no medicine, fertility of man, crop, and animal is the most important aspect of their lives; and, when the role of intercourse is either not known or not taken seriously, the life-giving power of women must have seemed both mysterious and highly enviable. Dr. Bettelheim argues, with great plausibility, that most male initiation rites are attempts to arrogate to men the magical life-giving powers of women, either through 'cosmetic plastic surgery' (to use Dr. Bettelheim's illuminating metaphor) of the genitals to make them more like women's, or to simulate menstrual bleeding, or through a symbolic rebirth, to demonstrate that, though women may be able to bear children, only men can produce adult men. Very often in such rites the neophytes are dressed in the clothes of, and treated as members of, the other sex; and Dr. Bettelheim argues that this both gives immediate gratification and makes easier the final adjustment to the sex role demanded by society.

These hypotheses appear much more fruitful than the Freudian ones they displace; but they are obviously insufficient. Just as Freud ignored the motives of the initiates, so does Dr. Bettelheim tend to ignore the motives of the initiators. He seems to overlook the cyclical nature of initiatory rites, where the initiated of one generation can expect to become the initiators of the next, just as being a fag in English public schools is a necessary precondition to being a prefect. He tends to write as though male initiation ceremonies took place at physiological puberty, though relatively few of the tribes recorded actually hold individual or annual ceremonies. His reading of the literature is partial, as he admits, and this has led him to place too much emphasis on the very exceptional cases where youths are allowed to refuse initiation, or where full sexual privileges are granted before the acquisition of the

physical marks of adulthood. Other points of detail, both in omission and commission, can be criticised; but the shift of emphasis to 'inner freedom and human autonomy' from 'coercion by blind instinctual forces or . . . the insensible powers of custom and tradition' is both enlightened and enlightening.

GEOFFREY GORER

Shakespeare's Text

The Shakespeare First Folio: Its Bibliographical and Textual History. By W. W. Greg. Oxford. 42s.

THIS ACCOUNT OF THE First Folio was originally planned as an introduction to a facsimile of the volume. The scheme for the facsimile fell through, but the introduction got itself written in an extended form, and now appears independently. No one will regret the absence of the facsimile; although there could be no better person than Sir Walter Greg to supervise it, recent ventures into the field have shown that the time for such a thing has not yet arrived. As a result of this change of plan, we are presented with an account, fascinating, and as clear and connected as scholarship can make it, of the planning of the Folio, of the relationships, personal and otherwise, of the printers, publishers and players, of the vexed question of copyright in those days, of the editorial problems which faced those responsible for the collection then, and which face those responsible for the production of modern editions, and, finally, of the way in which the printing of the Folio was carried out.

A reviewer of such rich material can do little more than draw attention to what were for him the high-lights of the book. This one must first confess to the terrified glee with which he read how A. W. Pollard, that arch-priest of bibliography, was wrong on a number of points, and how Sidney Lee, hitherto often enough little more than a target for the trigger-happy doctoral candidate, was sometimes nearer the truth. To be sure, the balance cannot swing very far ('There was this difference, that whereas Lee would use his fancy to furnish the ground of his thesis—evolving the ideal camel from his own inner consciousness—Pollard used his mainly for purposes of embroidery—picturing himself charging the forts of folly on the animal's back'), but it is good to see it redressed where necessary.

It was cheering to find a workmanlike account of the many aspects of the copyright question, which not only bedevilled Pollard, but has been a bone of contention ever since. (Sir Walter will not have it all his own way, and he would be the last person to want it so; already Leo Kirschbaum, an old sparring partner, has a book devoted largely to this problem in circulation over here, and we may expect battle to be joined again.) In the three chapters devoted to editorial problems it was of interest to note, first, the increased emphasis given to the possibility that the author's foul papers became the copy for the printer; secondly, the blurring of outline in what used to be regarded as a clear picture of the respective marks, particularly in stage directions, of author and book-keeper, or prompter, in a printed text; thirdly, the detailed account of the present textual position with regard to each play in the Folio, material for which every present and future editor of Shakespeare has good cause to be grateful to Sir Walter. The chapter on the printing of the Folio is admittedly and properly dependent to a great extent on the pioneer work of Dr. Willoughby, but is none the less an admirably concise account of an extremely complicated process.

To the bibliographer the book requires no recommendation—he is only warned that he proceeds without consulting it at his peril. To the Shakespearean scholar who regards bibliography as an interloper in the literary field—alas that there should still be such!—the book may be humbly but firmly recommended as one of the most impressive and persuasive *apologia pro vita sua* so far produced by a bibliographer, and hard would he be of heart—not to say unwise—who could pass it by. To the ordinary reader of Shakespeare it may be over-rich fare, but it will repay his efforts by giving him a fuller appreciation of the labour already expended in the production of a reasonably authoritative text of his author, and of the immensity of the task still remaining. Sir Walter warns us that 'if the whole outlook of Shakespearean textual criticism has altered in the past fifty years, the rate of change has also

been progressive and is now alarming. . . . I fear that some of that I have written here may be out of date before it gets into the reader's hands'. Indeed he is compelled to add a postscript to his preface on investigations by J. W. Shroeder into the printing of the Folio which may lead to reconsideration of some of Willoughby's conclusions; and recent private correspondence suggests that Charlton Hinman has further

surprises up his sleeve. 'How easy', says Sir Walter, 'to paint a graphic picture of the past unhampered by a knowledge of the facts!' although he may not yet know *all* the facts; at least we are confident that he knows very well the ones that are available, and that his picture is both graphic and trustworthy.

ARTHUR BROOK

Old Tuscany

The Etruscans. By M. Pallottino. Translated by J. A. Cremona. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

MASSIMO PALLOTTINO, who is Professor of Etruscology in the University of Rome, produced the first Italian edition of this book in 1942; now we have it in English, and the author has been well served by his translator, J. A. Cremona. Altogether an attractive little volume with thirty-two fine collogravure plates. There are three parts, concerned with the Etruscans in history, aspects of their civilisation, and their language.

Of all the peoples who contributed to the Mediterranean civilisation, whence our own culture is sprung, the most enigmatic are still the Etruscans. Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Hebrews, and Carthaginians have left a literature and inscriptions that are like open books to us. Not so the Etruscans because, although a good deal of material written in a Greek alphabet survives, and many names and nouns are clear, we are still unable to read their language, which makes it difficult to know whence the inhabitants of Etruria came.

The problem of Etruscan origins has generally been one of *provenance*, not one of ethnic formation. Attempts at philological classification mingle with the statements of ancient historians and deductions made from archaeological finds in more recent days. The language—this much we can say—was not of Indo-European origin, and its nearest link is seen in an inscription discovered on the Island of Lemnos, written in a script and a dialect remarkably close to Etruscan. Three theories present themselves: the Herodotean theory of oriental *provenance*, according to which the Etruscans came from Asia Minor, for there is relationship not only with Lemnian, but also perhaps with kindred languages in Asia Minor spoken in the former Hittite Empire. Another theory would bring the Etruscans down from central Alpine Europe; few scholars nowadays accept this. According to the third theory, primitive peoples immensely long ago talked a language which only survived in pockets, Etruria itself being a large pocket, and Lemnos a small one.

On common-sense grounds the first theory still seems to hold the field, and if the Etruscans were not an ethnic group which had split off from the main part of the Lydian nation, it still seems best to suppose that they, like the Lemnians, derived from near-neighbours to the Lydians and that they left Asia Minor by sea, at first in small and then in increasing numbers, just like the Greek colonists who settled in Magna Graecia, Sicily and Gaul. Success for the earlier prospectors would induce others to follow, and they overcame, annexed the property of, and subjugated the local inhabitants of northern

central Italy with so much success that they imposed their language and customs on the subject people. Simultaneously the Greeks achieved just the same effect in south Italy and in Sicily. Professor Pallottino must surely be right when he says that 'we are able to state with some fear of going wrong that the formative process of the nation can be traced to have taken place on the territory of Etruria proper'.

It was probably because the early Tyrrhenians who left Asia Minor had already been in contact with Greek art and civilisation that Etruscan art seems so closely related to Greek. Early Rome was a bilingual zone and under Etruscan domination, as was the region of Latium and Campania, as far south as Pompeii and Paestum. Etruria was called it *Ruma* when, during the sixth century B.C., Rome was at the centre of an Etruscan monarchy, the city's religion, constitution, and buildings all produced under Etruscan influence. Indeed early

civilisation of Rome combined with the strong Greek influence exerted on the Tuscan culture made possible that political synthesis which was ultimately to appear as the Roman Empire.

The social life and customs of the Etruscans appear to have been of an unimpeachable kind. One historian, Timaeus of Syracuse, writing in the fourth century B.C., commented on the promiscuity of the upper classes and described their women as bibulous and beautiful, adding that it was no disgrace for the Etruscans to be seen doing anything in the open, or even having anything done to them; this was a custom of the country. Professor Pallottino thinks that the Greeks exaggerated this from political hostility, something scandalous in their behaviour. Yet Greeks of the fourth century B.C. were regarded as barbarians, and regard customs, such as nudity, also occur in parts of their world, not as licentious but as amusing. There was, however, a streak of brutality in the Etruscans, for they were the originators of gladiatorial

shows and the inventors of 'satanic' underworld demons who were translated during the Middle Ages into the devils of Christian iconography.

Some examples of work done by Greeks in Etruria appear on admirable plates in this book. Notably the winged horses and Apollo on plates 7 and 13. Plate 15, the so-called 'Brutus', should not have been included since it is possibly a work of the Italian Renaissance (see Wace in *Mélanges Charles Picard*, 1949). There is a full bibliography, but for the English edition more works by English scholars should have been mentioned.

CHARLES SELTMAN



Yoked winged horses in terracotta (fourth-third century B.C.), National Museum, Tarquinia

From 'The Etruscans'

Report on China

Mandarin Red. By James Cameron.
Michael Joseph. 15s.

THE AUTHOR WENT to China as an independent journalist last autumn, getting to Mukden and Chungking as well as Peking and Shanghai, and 'putting down on paper as he went along'. He has a reasonable attitude, ready to consider both sides and recognise the importance of what he is seeing. The style does excite suspicion, but for another reason—he has to make an exciting article, and he knows how to suggest he is insinuating something very important when in fact he hasn't yet arrived at an opinion. But he rather agreeably admits this, right at the end, when he reports meeting the American and British Korean war prisoners who decided to stay with China: he found them unpretentious figures, getting on with learning their Chinese and irritated by its difficulty; and the bafflement of thinking of the proper thing to say either to them or about them is thrown onto the page with sincerity.

The chief thing that emerges is that the Chinese, whether rightly or wrongly, are still feeling enthusiastic about it all; they feel they are at last getting ahead and recovering their natural position in the world. He says 'there was no escaping the feeling of millions of people consciously enjoying the feeling of *not* being kicked around' and adds, as usual, the balancing sentence, 'it is possible that there is never any need to kick when there is only one way to go'. He records in himself 'a curious alternation of hope and despair': there was 'the simple fact that everyone *looked* redeemed' and yet this excited in him an exhausting resistance; for one thing, 'you knew they were good, and they forced bits of paper on you saying they were perfect'.

I was puzzled by his reporting that Tsin Hua University in Peking (it used to be *Tsing*) now teaches no foreign language but Russian; I understood it had lost its name on amalgamation, and I recently heard at first hand from another visitor that the American who has been lecturing on Shakespeare and so forth for many years there was as full of life as ever. The account of the Architecture Department sounds unlike the distinguished architect concerned. A number of details are bound to go wrong when you report at this pace, and Mr. Cameron's incidental remarks about his anxiety and insomnia do him credit. But the over-all feeling which he conveys seems to me very true.

An encouraging point in his account, I think, is that the minor Chinese officials who were helping him round were so sensitively able to understand what he was bothering about. I couldn't myself see why he was so upset by the People's Court he attended; he thought the trial, a business case in Shanghai, was conducted in an exemplary manner, but just before sentence was decided a 'representative of the business community of the district in question' arose to praise the government and say he hoped that the sentence would be a warning to others and that the criminal would repent. The judge said nothing, but 'pursed his lips', and Mr. Cameron says 'a common-place little case of fraud had turned into something too sad to be borne'. Weeks later, he says, when he was writing up his material on a river steamer, his interpreter drifted in and said 'I think you were distressed in Shanghai', and he had remembered all about it. This was sensitive of the interpreter, because though the representative of course ought to have waited for the sentence, and sounds a greasy type, there is no suggestion that he intimidated the judge; he was merely allowed to be out of order. There is the same quality when one of Mr. Cameron's letters got opened by mistake, and two 'rather senior officials' came round to make quite sure he didn't think it was because he was being spied on. He manages to make it sound like an insinuation when he reports that his interpreters ostentatiously removed themselves when he could get on without them. As long as the Chinese understand the point of view of the other side as well as the foreign reporter, surely, the thing is on a working footing.

I was glad he happened to turn on *The Voice of America* in a hotel in Changsha, and realised that any Chinese who listens to it feels quite sure the Americans are aggressors, because of its tone. As to the literary situation, though he feels the strain of the thing very justly, I think that his description of a successful playwright might be paralleled elsewhere. The recurring complaint of the journalist that there are no bars in this new puritan society struck me as a mistake he would have got over; there never were bars, exactly, and he found that you could still buy a drink.

W. EMPSON

Sidling after Crabbe

The Poetry of Crabbe. By Lilian Haddakin.
Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

CRABBE IS NOT PURE PLEASURE. But what a pleasure it is to try to follow his tracks! How grateful one is to be started off again upon this quietest of quests! Mrs. Haddakin's study of his poetry will certainly start off the addicts. She is extremely well informed, her judgements are usually just, and if she expresses them rather sententiously this should do her no harm with her poet, who was nothing if not gnomic. For the beginner, for the innocent pursuer of pleasure—no, for him hers is not the right book. It is too indoors-y. In a chapter called 'The Pictorial Element' she considers the sights of the countryside, but she does not convey its sounds and smells, and it is their total impact that excited Crabbe and makes him exciting. For a beginner such an essay as F. L. Lucas' in his *Studies in French and English* is preferable. It puts him more quickly on the creature's track.

What an unusual creature it is! So slow moving, yet so difficult to catch! A narrator whose narratives are seldom diversified by anything dramatic: the arrival of the steward and his wife in 'Delay has Danger' is an exception to the rule, and the apparition in 'Peter Grimes' is another exception; but most of the stories might be entitled 'Disaster no Surprise'. Sailors never return, or had better have not returned, lovers marry too soon for prudence or too late for pleasure, violent characters come to sticky ends, self-complacent ones experience retributive decay. And the epigrams and puns (those tiny dramas inside a sentence, those excitements in words) are not good enough. They do not jazz the narrative up:

A quiet simple man was Abel Keene,
He meant no harm, nor did he often mean . . .

No: not good enough! The parody in 'Rejected Addresses' is much better:

'Tis sweet the view from half past five to six,
Our long wax candles with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light and make the lighter start;

And then having accepted the dullness, one opens Crabbe's *Note Book* and comes across:

... 'Turn, stranger, turn!'
'Not so' replied a voice, 'I mean
The candle of the Lord to burn
With mine own flock on Saveall Green'.

And a strange sensation arises which proceeds from the authentic Crabbe. The creature is alive—possibly even sinister. Where is Saveall Green, and is he going to it or from it? He pursues his way, and in either case it is not a straightforward way. A moralist? a poet of the countryside? He cannot be pinned down to either or to anything, and yet he never wriggles. With the aid of his son's biography we can follow him from rectory to rectory, with the aid of Huchon's monograph we can uncover some slight shadinesses. With the aid of our own senses we can read him. Our physical senses. His were strongly developed, and the habitual propriety of his conduct must not distract us from the constant stream of impressions that beat into him from the outside world. Anthologies have naturally been made out of him; he is a suitable subject and they do no harm, but what's so thrilling is to discover in the trundling couplets that his eye and his ear and his nose—yes nose, mouth too—are all awake. Jeffrey, who admired him, said: 'He succeeds more frequently than could have been anticipated'. Hazlitt, who disliked him, said: 'He rivets attention by being tedious'. They agree that he makes us want to read him, and he does this because of his sensuousness. 'Actuality of relation', Mrs. Haddakin calls it, in her careful analysis. She also cites with approval his interest in 'moral values' and the 'judicious management' of some of his poems. But these are not good enough reasons for reading him, or for reading anyone. No, what we want, what we get, is:

bright red pebbles, that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by.

or

flaky stars of guttering snow,
When on the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,
Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew.



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BATSFORD



er (turning from the eye to the mouth) we get a coarse meal at the
arm:

huge balls of farinaceous food,
With bacon, mass saline! where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen . . .

er a formal meal in the servants' hall:

Then each the proper seat at table took—
Groom, butler, footman, laundress, coachman, cook,
With much respect each other they addressed,
And all encouraged their enchanted guest.
Wine, fruit, and sweetmeats closed repast so long,
And Mistress Flora sang an opera song.

er the bitter meal of death:

A yellow teapot, standing at his side,
From its half spout the cold black tea supplied

, turning to another category, we get the resolute sailor, driven by his
irility to win his girl in her father's despite:

Fresh were his features, his attire was new,
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue,
Of finest jean his trousers, tight and trim,
Brushed the large buckle at the silver rim.

with the inevitable sequence of his death and her shame:

no lads nor lasses came
To grace the rite or give the child a name;
No grave conceited nurse, of office proud,
Bore the young Christian roaring through the crowd:
In a small chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes the setting sun;
Bats on their webby wings in darkness move,
And feebly shriek their melancholy love.

ere sensuousness certainly is accompanied by drama; love has descended from the navy into a registry-office bat. But as a rule, the
ing's the thing, not the play; it is for Crabbe's immediate sensations
at we pursue him—seldom for the story-telling, in which those sensa-
ons are embedded. The story of his that I love best (Mrs. Haddakin
arcely mentions it) is 'Silford Hall or the Happy Day', a reminis-
ence of his own youth, and bathed in a rare sunshine. A boy is sent
with a bill to a Great House to bring a receipt back, but Madam
ohnson, the magnificent housekeeper, detains him and conducts him in
erson through the family apartments—gun room, picture gallery,
apel, billiards room, and across a splendid mirror where he sees
himself full length for the first time in his life

and, looking, grieved to pass
From the fair figure smiling in the glass.

he ends his day with a refreshing sleep in the park and the formal
inner in the servants' hall, above mentioned. 'Love' is a strong
word to use in connection with Crabbe, and usually the wrong word,
ut it is applicable to 'Silford Hall'; the sights and sounds in it are
ffered to us so affectionately. Elsewhere he can be pretty grim, and he
an be very dull, but he carries sensuousness about in his slow moving
ourse and he can be trusted to reveal it unexpectedly.

E. M. FORSTER

Pashtunistan and Pathan

he Narrow Smile. By Peter Mayne. Murray. 18s.

MR. MAYNE WILL BE agreeably known to many readers as the author
of a successful book about Morocco. This one, his second, takes us to
the other end of the long belt of camel country which stretches from
Pakistan to the Atlantic, and introduces us to the mountainous tract
which runs along both sides of the Durand Line, the boundary between
Pakistan and Afghanistan. The tract is inhabited by the turbulent
Pathan tribes, who gave us constant trouble during our rule in India.
Their language is Pashtu. Hence Pashtunistan, the name given by the
Afghan Government to a large slice of Pakistan territory, twice the
size of this island, between the Durand Line and the Indus. This
they claim should be formed into an independent state—presumably
under their aegis—on the ground that over 150 years ago it was part
of the Durrani Afghan empire. The claim has this importance for us
that it bedevils relations between a member of the Commonwealth and
Afghanistan, not without possible advantage to Russia. Mr. Mayne

examines the claim in detail and has no difficulty in exposing its
hollowness; but his purpose in visiting the area was rather to find out
at first hand what the tribesmen on both sides of the frontier thought
about it. This was not so easy. Authority on disputed frontiers is apt
to be unaccommodating. On the Afghan side he found a stone wall
which shut out all view. On the Pakistan side, too, there was a wall, but
with chinks in it. The net result was a feeling of frustration, and in the
end he confesses he got 'sick' of Pashtunistan.

But though Pashtunistan is Mr. Mayne's main theme, it was not
what drew him east. The book cover ignores it, indeed, and, quoting
the author, describes the book as 'an unsentimental "sentimental
journey" back to the Pathans', with whom he found himself in
'instinctive sympathy' during the four years of war he spent among
them as an officer in the R.A.F. The journey takes him from Peshawar
to Cabul, from Cabul to Swat and Dir, and then along the Pakistan
border to such well-known outposts as Parachinar, Miranshah, and
Tonk. Wherever he goes he meets old friends. But with them, too, there
is a touch of frustration—not on the surface, for, outwardly at least,
old ties are renewed with all the open-hearted zest of the Pathan; but
without, it would seem, the significance which, to quote the cover
again, had 'changed the course of his life'. Something was lacking,
perhaps time to recapture 'the sense of belonging', and at the end of
his journey, when he was asked what he expected to find and didn't
find, the answer was 'me'. The answer is engagingly frank and it is
characteristic of the way the book reflects the author and his reactions
to the ups and downs of travel. This every good travel book should
do, and this one does it lightly and with humour.

Mr. Mayne speaks of his 'deep love' for the Pathan, yet his tales
of cruelty and revenge—there is a grim example of the latter—suggest
a fascinating rather than a lovable people; as too does the title of the
book and the Pashtu song from which it is taken:

Your eyes are two loaded revolvers
And your narrow smile has destroyed me.

On the other hand, there is their friendliness and their humour, the
latter well illustrated in a lively account of a tribal council; also, their
code—to give food and shelter to all who demand it, and asylum to all
in need of it. One could have wished for more light on these gentler
qualities; and even more examples of their poetry.

The author is at his best as a traveller. He is observant, sensitive
and human, and with his pen he can make others see and feel what he
has seen and felt, whether it is the heat in Peshawar, a journey over
Afghan roads, a walk through the bazaars of Cabul, a camel-caravan
on the march, or a Khattak dance on the hillside. And who that has
wandered in the east on horseback or on foot will not agree with him
that 'a car is the wrong kind of magic' for getting to know the people?
All this, and much else, will give pleasure to many readers, especially to
those who have served among the Pathans and their barren hills.

MALCOLM DARLING

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no direct evidence to connect the accused with the charges, and the
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found the Crown witnesses satisfactory and the Defence witnesses
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pages, reduced to a short book. To protect himself against a charge
of bias in favour of the accused, he gives two-thirteenths of the Crown
case as against approximately two thirty-sevenths of the Defence case.
He does not then give his own view of the decision, but he certainly
leaves the impression that he does not believe the charge was proved
beyond reasonable doubt. Unfortunately, he does not give at sufficient

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the judgement of the Kenya Supreme Court rejecting the appeal, the judgement of the Privy Council rejecting the petition of the accused for leave to appeal to it.

As it stands, therefore, this book will leave the open-minded reader with grave doubts whether the accused had in fact managed Mau Mau, doubts which will be increased since their arrest seems to have had little effect on Mau Mau organisation. Yet more strongly, the reader will feel that even if the accused managed Mau Mau, the charge against them was not proved by the Crown. This conclusion is indicated, of course, without the reader being able, except incidentally, to have the Magistrate's advantage of seeing the witnesses, and of course on a partial record, even though it be a record quantitatively weighted in favour of the Crown and against the Defence. Therefore we must hope that the Kenya Government will publish the whole transcript, including the 250 pages of speeches by counsel. I hope, too, that some writer who is convinced of the guilt of the accused will make an analysis of the evidence in order to present the case against them as strongly as possible.

Whatever the merits of the case, the book is to be recommended as a fascinating and moving exposition of Kenya's crisis, set out through a dry record of the trial. But the harsh setting in the hot and distant north of the Colony, and the strain on Magistrate and all counsel, as well as the accused, emerges. The political crisis of race relations and economic and other struggles also enters vividly into the record. The careful reader will be struck by all sorts of unconscious assumptions of Crown Counsel, and wonder how far these influenced the judgement. See this passage (pages 185-6):

Somerhough [prosecuting]: I am going to put it to you that you have actively promoted strikes which have led to violence?

Kubai [one of the accused]: I say that nothing of the kind happened. That was a peaceful strike.

Q: You organised the taxi-drivers' strike did you not?

A: I did not organise it, the members organised it.

Q: You organised the big general strike of the East African T.U.C. did you not?

A: The strike I think you are referring to is that which took place after my arrest.

Q: I said you organised it. That is what I put to you.

A: I did not organise the strike because I was in prison.

Q: I put it to you that strike led to considerable violence, did it not?

A: I was not there.

Q: Do you know or don't you?

A: I do not know.

The argument seems to be that if a man organised a strike which led to violence, then the strikers were responsible for the violence, which shows that the organisers favoured the violence, and therefore the organisers were likely to be managers of the violent Mau Mau. One is not wondering whether the strikes, their violence, and who caused that violence, were proved in evidence. There are many similar passages in the Crown's cross-examination of the accused which seem to make similar assumptions about social facts, and which are not ordinarily given for granted as part of judicial knowledge. Were these assumptions shared by the Magistrate?

MAX GLUCKMAN

Unfinished Torso

Pudd'nhead Wilson. A Tale. By Mark Twain.
Zodiac Press. 12s. 6d.

IT IS TO BE FEARED that Dr. F. R. Leavis has read *Pudd'nhead Wilson* as a novel than as a document or a case; and has it not been said of Mark Twain that he himself was an 'heroic if soiled document'? It is good, nevertheless, that the introduction should be so over-generous: the novel gives much pleasure—if not as much pleasure to the Common Reader as to the interested Critic—and several of Dr. Leavis' observations help us to appreciate the nature of this pleasure, as when he draws our attention to the fact that the satire is both astringent and genial, a rare combination in satirists.

The novel is, indeed, far from faultless and the main reason is evident enough. Mark Twain suffered from a certain systole and diastole between what, for short, we may call a desire to be well-ordered and the urge to be honest. That 'wholeness' of his 'psyche'

which so impresses us in *Huckleberry Finn* was alloyed by an inevitable social timidity, and it is only all too plain in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Here he had an idea somewhat similar to the idea of *The Prince and the Pauper*. Put the prince in rags and the pauper in robes and handycum-dandy, which is the better man? In *Pudd'nhead Wilson* he cut closer to the bone of contemporary American prejudices. It was all very well to satirise foreign princes, but what about American preconceptions as to the natural superiority of white over Negro? Two babies are born on the same day; one with Negro blood, one pure white, both with white skins. The darkie mother of the Negro switches them in the cradle, and we then pursue their fortunes. The usurper behaves badly throughout, proving that Negro blood will out. The white? Virtual silence from Clemens about that side of the story. He did not dare pursue his theme. He concentrated on, or gravitated towards, the easier and more popular half of it.

Nevertheless, even as half a book, and in spite of its constant lapses into melodrama, it is a moving story. It is, as it stands, the story of a Negro mother's blind love for her child, and her courage and her character carry off the story. When her son, a worthless rascal, to pay his debts accepts her suggestion that he should sell her as a slave (she had been freed), and she, in her blind love for him, hopes that the selfish ruffian will appreciate her sacrifice, we are very close to the sort of elemental emotion we associate with epics, the Bible, or Greek drama. And the ending is splendidly appropriate, when he himself, exposed as a Negro, is sold down the river for the slave that he is in law and fact. But what really 'makes' the book is the central character of Roxie. She is a majestic figure, worth all the whites in Dawson's Landing put together. It is enormously to Mark Twain's credit that he made a Negress his heroine.

The novel is not, as Dr. Leavis dares to maintain, 'masterly' except in so far as the word may mean that any book by a master reflects his power; and it is certainly not 'a classic in its own right'. Yet, though hastily thrown together, unrevised, melodramatic and sentimental, so ill-balanced (or is it so evasive?) that its title bears no relation to its central theme, it contains an immortal irony. It is very well worth knowing, even if only as an unfinished torso.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

Suffolk Landscape

See now how sepulchre-pale the land is lying
here in the lull before spring, the dying
over, now soon the resurrection.

Wan the wide land lies in the perfection
of March sunlight, cold after the snow,
the wind easterly, the thaw reluctant and slow.

The landscape is washed clean, all depth of colour
drained, emptied away to the bare pallor
of worn bone weathered on a winter shore.
It will take the stir of a long spring to restore
green blood in pasture withered to hay
or quicken a coppice of trees prevailing gray.

Nothing is vivid in wood, arable or meadow,
nothing bold or emphatic but a cast shadow
and ivy's flaunting and taunting of evergreen;
nothing brilliant but the birch's moon sheen,
a gull's glint, a magpie—one for sorrow—
and a rind of snow frozen still in a furrow.

But man stamps his vehemence on land and sky,
for the beetle-black of a barn can startle the eye,
or even a hovel of brick; and planes crawling
remote and invisible, leave a snail-scrawling
menace in rigmarole; and the tower of a church
gleams in the sun, white and bright as a birch.

A. W. RUSSELL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Present Discontents

THERE ARE LIGHTS in which the rise of the Purbeck columns of Exeter Cathedral into the creamy whiteness of the high-roof vaulting can take your breath away. Gratefully remembering one such moment in my travels west, I could not resent television's inability to recapture it during last Sunday morning's long transmis-



'Buried Treasure' on May 30: Dr. J. Weiner showing ancient skulls in a programme on the Piltdown Man fraud

sion from that place. The occasion was a service of ordination, and it was treated by the cameras with the utmost care for its central happenings. I repeat my opinion that the Religious Broadcasting Department of the B.B.C. does no good to the Church by televising Holy Communion, an indispensable part of the Exeter service. If Holy Communion means anything, it means intimate participation, and the wisdom of exposing it to wholesale viewing seems to me to be highly questionable. Other counsels prevail, and it is for me to report that in this instance there was no want of technical discretion and as much dignity as is commensurate with the application of electronics to one of the most private and mysterious rituals of the Christian life. Like the mystery itself, a sense of the fitness of things is not to be enmeshed in argument. On this matter, I resort unashamedly to the formula of Robert Owen: Never argue. Repeat your assertion.

As the cameras faded the programme out, with a shot of processional figures clustering in a distant doorway, one was left with a feeling of timelessness in which our present discontents seemed of small account. But it is to our present discontents that television has been addressing itself with some energy of late and, in doing so, proving itself equal to its responsibility of providing both information and guidance. Television 'News and Newsreel' has passed on to us viewers all the information that was going about the first week of the railway strike, plus much topical illustration and practical advice. We were shown perimeter effects as well as events at the centre: how, for

instance, the West Country vegetable and flower growers were connecting with far-off markets and some of the problems relating to the getting of coal and food to the places where they were most wanted. Viewing motorists were instructed in the art of friendly co-operation with pedestrians. Other transport arrangements were discussed. Naturally, there was considerable emphasis on London traffic movements, concerning which we had paternal directives, admonishings, and pats on the back from police experts. One of them, Superintendent Murray, made a good impression with the unforced firmness of his appeal for better parking and with his concern that his colleagues should get full marks for their part in the crisis. The tone was human and sensible, not officious, and that was the merit of it. Broadcasting the revised train schedules took up time, and the assumption that most viewers have cast away their radio sets may be misplaced. Here, again, the motive was public service and no one can fairly quarrel with it.

Showing us pictures of waiting crowds on railway station platforms, television no doubt heightened the national impatience. It also showed us the man we wanted to see, Jim Baty, general secretary of the A.S.L.E.F., in the briefest of shots as he spoke a prepared

piece into the microphones of a press conference. If he did not look like Ajax, 'born to grapple with fearful calamity', there was a lift of the chin suggesting a certain resistance to the intimidation of events. A pity, we thought, that he could not have been the centre-piece at a special television version of 'Any Questions?'

The strike was the main topic in 'Panorama', and the co-operative mood was demonstrated and encouraged there, too. Something else was demonstrated and that yet again: editorial amateurishness, the weakness of so many factual programmes. Last week's edition was slapdash, except for the strike part. An interview between Ed Murrow and Malcolm Muggeridge was not worth its time, being largely a private talk on

television interviewing techniques and of little interest, I would think, in Cardiff, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, to name the viewing populations I first thought of. It is always a pleasure to see Ed Murrow but it had preferably been on his own terms. At the end, there was a review by Connell, unfairly 'required to review' 'Journey into a Fog' in about three minutes, and to do so in front of us illustrations which we could barely see. This was not the 'Panorama' which had come to know and to look out for through several sessions of enterprising production. This was an edition in which the ingredients may have been mixed by newcomers from so many sources, with sub-standard results.

I saw most of the week's programmes, and those that I liked best were not in my domain of comment. There were lively and sometimes thrilling pictures from the British Games at the White City Stadium on Whit Monday. Racing scenes at Hurst Park, the same day, may have given pleasure to many viewers. The pictures were consistently good. Why 'Buried Treasure', the story of the detection of the Piltdown Man fraud, was put down for a Monday evening is one of those programmatic planning curiosities. Knowing the terrain, as a boy, having often heard the name of Charles Dawson spoken with local respect, I was a particularly obedient observer of everything. Glyn Daniel and Dr. Weiner had to show us. They gave us an engrossing half-hour, of which the general drift was highly serious, though once, perhaps catching echoes of Whit Monday gaiety from Battersea Park across the river, I wondered if it might turn out to be a lesson on David Nixon.

'Asian Club' was extremely decorative; good looks abounded and the voices were pleasing to hearing. The guest, Professor Renier, was good fun. We all liked him, though obviously only two of the keener intellects in the audience would have preferred him to be more expert on the topic of the evening, which was, of course, English. The Roving Eye cocked an inquisitive microphone among the bushes at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, London. It picked up some good talk from Russell Thorndike, whose extraordinary imagination ought to be more often at the service of television; for a beginning, perhaps, in 'Tall Story Club'. 'Commonwealth Magazine' consisted of short films from sev-



As seen by the viewer: a Pakistani in 'Commonwealth Magazine' on May 31



Right, a physical training display by the Royal Air Force in the Royal Tournament on June 3

of our sister countries, all of them telling us something that most of us did not know before. There were unusually good pictures from the international water polo match at West Ham Baths.

The more I see of television the more strongly is it borne in upon me that its true function is to link us with what is happening *now*. I do not see it giving permanent satisfaction as a film projector or as a duplicating machine for the drama. A day, a night, will come when we shall give up pressing our noses to the sitting-room screen like children at a sweet-shop window.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Uncle Jack's Charade

'SHALL WE ALL play charades?' cries the hostess, and we quail. At least I quail now. I used to enjoy charades, and dressed, with the best will, in the hall mat to enact one of the sheep in the cave of Polyphemus, or one of the mothers before Solomon in a bed sheet.

But then I once had to play charades with someone whom I will call a Very Important Person (the only one I ever met who believed it) and he spoilt me. Old liberal by faith, he was a very *Gauleiter* once it came to organising the timid little group of us who gathered 'outside the door'. 'Now', he said commandingly, 'we have to do Ham-per so we'll start with H and I'll be Hannibal crossing the Alps, and that will give us A as well; and I'll wear this' (he put the gong on his head and the barometer across his shoulders), 'and this' (he raised the mangy Persian rug in a cloud of dust), 'and this' (he snatched at the potted fern), 'and then we'll go in'. 'But', we whined shyly, 'what shall we be?' The V.I.P.'s contempt knew no bounds. Evidently we did not know our classics. Hardly containing himself, he shouted 'Why, elephants, of course!' So, swinging our arms from our foreheads in the likeness of trunks, we entered upon the other party who guessed, immediately, with cries of joy, 'Pharaoh overwhelmed by the Red Sea'. Afterwards the V.I.P. singled me out for obloquy: 'You were nothing like an elephant!', he said.

This preamble is by way of assuring Mr. Priestley and his team of gifted players in 'You Know What People Are', that I at least know what charades are and what agonies may be endured alike by performers and beholders. But also I insist that charades can be marvellous fun. It just depends. When Mr. Ustinov organises charades we are all entranced. Mr. David Nixon has been known to give mild pleasure in the same department. As for Mr. Priestley, he has written for the theatre one of the best charade-plays ever planned: that twosome known as 'Ever Since Paradise'.

'Planned'—the word is like a knell... For that is the whole secret. You cannot plan too much: happy improvisation, which we all know seems so easy during the joyous moments when you are dressing up, evaporates before the stony stare of the onlookers. Nothing, for instance, ought to be easier than to keep up a comic cross-talk in a bogus foreign language such as Ruritania to illustrate Mr. Priestley's point that the English are stupid in dealing with foreigners (a view I do not share, by the way). But in the event even two highly trained professional players found it hard to make it reasonably convincing.

Again, one would think nothing would be easier than to make up as you go along



Scene from 'You Know What People Are', a series of programmes written by J. B. Priestley, on June 1. Left to right: (at back) John Stratton and Natasha Parry; (in front) Clive Morton and Frances Rowe; (right) Mr. Priestley

a comic cocktail party inconsequence; and yet, when it came to it, the foursome engaged were barely good enough. Perhaps in fact they were not gagging, but were using memorised and scripted texts? I do not know. All I can say is that it didn't sound like it, still less look like it. The space-ship sequence was a major embarrassment: and I find it odd that so neat-wristed a craftsman as Mr. Priestley should be satisfied with such clumsy thwacks at those haystack-targets; the haw-haw art-jargon critic; and a civil servant's double talk. And that scene in the bus queue, where we heard thoughts spoken behind inexpressive masks: had that been worked out? If so, it was unworthy. And by worthy, I mean something on the level of wit, economy, and true observation such as delighted the nation in the series 'How and How Not To' by Stephen Potter and Joyce Grenfell.

But—and it is a strong but—I am really grateful for this series nevertheless. After all, it may well turn out better later on. It is a great thing to have someone of Mr. Priestley's eminence turning out as television's Uncle Jack an' all. There was a patronising note sounded now and again: as if only Uncle J.B. had noticed things we all notice. But it is a move in the right direction when a V.I.P. such as this gifted author realises that the 12,000,000 of us looking in are a not inconsiderable audience in the first place.

The direction of the programme by Tony



Sam Wanamaker as Pepe and Olivia Irving as Angelica in 'The Legend of Pepito' on June 5

Richardson, embellished with little tunes and joke drawings, was all one would wish; and in spite of uncomfortable moments one extends heartfelt sympathy and generous applause to Frances Rowe, Natasha Parry, Clive Morton, and John Stratton.

Sunday night's piece by Ted Allan, 'The Legend of Pepito', was called a folk tale and looked to me just like a left-wing experimental theatre's tract for the times. It had bogus calypso-like trimmings but was just straight propaganda claptrap about sweet-natured peons, whose faces were ground by sleazy bourgeois middlemen and wicked American capitalist-exploiters. But 'fair', of course: the American wife, like the head girl of an Economics School, was all sweetness and light; or at any rate, saw the light. The characterisation was worthy of a mission-house dramatist; the whimsical sweetness of the downtrodden and the crass vulgarity of the exploiters recalled Eisenstein's Mexico film, as we saw it. Would that there had been any similar pictorial beauty. The acting,

here too, recalled charades. The Mexicans talked pidgin English but used the cringing and eyerolling used on the nineteenth-century stage for depicting Jews, so that at times one had an effect of watching some comic ghetto sketch. Alvin Rakoff produced competently. Among those taking part were Alexander Gauge, Sam Wanamaker, Wolfe Morris, Harold Kasket, Harry Towb, Jacqueline Hill, and Olivia Irving. We hope to see them better suited elsewhere.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Country Matters

'FUENTEVEJUNA', at first glance alarming, becomes both a musical place-name and a word of power when we hear it spoken. It means 'the Sheep Well', and it is the name of a village round which Lope de Vega wrote one of his most astonishing plays. Soviet Russia has greeted it with enthusiasm as the first proletarian drama; it is a piece unexpected from aristocratic Spain. Lope, in about 1614, was dramatising an incident in a Spanish village a century and a half before. When the cruelty of a corrupt feudal lord grew to new horror, the entire village, at the instigation of a peasant girl who had been assaulted, marched upon the tyrant, killed him, stabbed his head upon a pike, and later refused, under torture, to reveal the ringleaders. No one broke faith. Men, women, young boys even, were placed upon the rack and put to the question. Always they returned the same answer, 'Fuenteovejuna', until the King pardoned them for their bravery. The mass defiance is exciting in the theatre—though there I have met the play only in an amateur production and a verbose text—and it was trebly so on radio (Third), with Roy Campbell's pulsing verse to thrust the plot along, and Irene Worth to lead the Amazonian village women in angry surge.

Roy Campbell can offer the colour and the speed, the blistering sun and the burning words, in the background the regal court, in the foreground an evil lord, a village inflamed. This is not timid translation. It hurtles and it glitters. It dances a cachucha, fandango, bolero. And if such a jingle as, in effect, 'Well I can't say I'm mad about you, And can very well do without you', comes from lesser musical comedy, it is unfair to use odd quotation against a piece

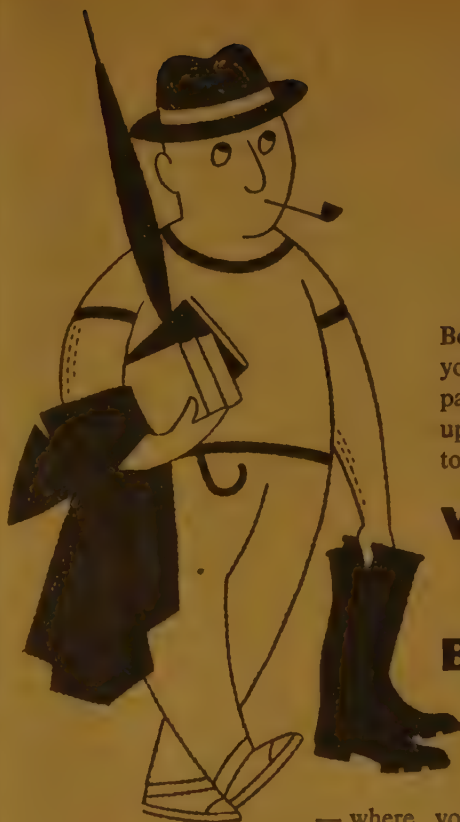
My time is my own

JOHN IRWIN

The story of 16 years' successful experience as a producer for radio, films and television's 'In the News,' 'The BBC, as I have often had occasion to remark, is the despair of humorists. It is so inherently funny that the task of being funny about it is almost an impossible one. Mr. John Irwin is so knowledgeable, shrewd and witty on this fascinating subject that he manages to be both informative and funny.'—
Malcolm Muggeridge.

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hat as a rule takes the ear finely. Irene Worth elts into the texture of Laurencia's verse, giving o it a sun-ripened bloom and warmth. Godfrey Kenton's dignity upheld the King, and Howard Marion-Crawford was as lecherous a feudal lord s ever told a girl that he owned her house, her body, and her soul. (He had the right kind of laugh.) Still, in 'Fuentovejuna' it is the village hat takes command; again one admired Lope's handling of the passage in which the judge questions the villagers on the rack and receives only the straight, simple reply. True, this came off better in the theatre; the radio rendering seemed to be a little remote from us. But the play as a whole was presented, under Frederick Bradnum, with power and drive.

'There is salmons in both', said Fluellen hopefully—the world's best-linking phrase—and at least we can say of 'Fuentovejuna' and 'Waters of the Moon' that they are both set in the country. N. C. Hunter's play (Home) belongs, of course, to a remote Devon guest-house. When it was done in the West End the dramatist was as fortunate and unfortunate as he could have been. He had a magnificent cast; it became parrot-fashionable to say that the cast made the play, and that it was only a bit of sub-Chekhovian rambling. One heard people pronouncing this with a slightly dazed expression, as if hypnotised. 'Waters of the Moon' is a good play in its own right; the radio revival showed once more just how expressive N. C. Hunter's dialogue is, and how firmly he takes us o that fringe-of-Dartmoor guest-house and the visitors who alight for a moment like swans on a dim pool. 'It's not kind to make us dream of the waters of the moon, of happiness out of our reach'. Mary Wimbush spoke the key-words poignantly. Sonia Dresdel swooped and flashed through Helen's changes of mood ('If I don't go charging through the day like a train through a tunnel, I feel depressed'); and Janet Burnell's served widow and Joyce Barbour's firm refusal to turn the little Londoner to a roaring Cockney oke, are other memories of a performance, produced by Val Gielgud, that one had to enjoy guiltily. 'If the man hadn't had a company like his...!' Oh, well!

Henry Reed nearly put me off his version of Ugo Betti's country matter, 'Holiday Land' (Third), by his firm resolve in a preliminary article to praise Italian drama at the expense of our own. (What did Rosalind say about swimming in a gondola?) But enthusiasts do these things, and the Betti piece proved to be disarming enough, a gentle, meandering joke with something of an early-Milne sense of humour. With Gwen Cherrell her sunny-morning self as a determined girl, Barbara Couper heard now and then as an astringent aunt, and dialogue hat Mr. Reed had rendered with contagious enjoyment, the comedy—under Donald McWhinnie's guidance—flicked along in goodwill to all.

We are not to meet 'Take It From Here' (Light) again until October. That will give Muir and Norden time to think up some more neop-lanché puns. 'Supposing a dinosaur-us', said one of the 'pals in the palaeolithic' last week. Jimmy Edwards galumphed grittily through the programme. Its first half was set 'in the dawn of history, about half a million years ago last Tuesday', and if some of the jokes sounded like t, Muir and Norden could always toss out a winner unexpectedly.

J. C. TREFWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Bran Pie

WHEN I CALL Robert Furneaux Jordan's 'Queen of the Wood' a beautifully written essay it may seem that I am condemning it both as a talk and as a piece of prose, yet my intention is to praise

it as both. In it he described as accurately as possible the deep impression made on him this spring by the Lake of Nemi in the Alban Hills, familiar to those who have read Frazer's *Golden Bough*. The recording of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', if the experience is to be recreated in the mind of the listener or reader, is a complicated operation requiring a careful selection of words and condensed expression, and the result will be the very reverse of flowery, elaborate but not in the least laboured; and in fact the talk, as Mr. Jordan spoke it, seemed to flow as naturally as if he had not written it down and was not reading it but was simply telling us what he had seen and felt.

It was a far yet deafening cry from this civilised broadcast to the 3,000-mile tour through Nigeria next evening with René Cutforth. I came out of it with some vivid impressions, but much fatigued by the continuous drumming, singing, and shouting to which these lively peoples are so prone. Their endless cheerfulness warms the heart while it lacerates the nerves, but one must concede that if Mr. Cutforth had gagged the drums he would have dimmed the impression.

Then back to England, to hear a tribute to John Masefield, called 'Poet Laureate', written and narrated by R. D. Smith. It began with readings of one or two of the vigorous early poems, but the passage from 'The Everlasting Mercy' has worn rather thin and one of the fine descriptive passages from 'Dauber' would have replaced it with advantage. The pieces from the autobiographical prose were well chosen, but in one case at least the reading was deplorably over-dramatised; so, for anyone who knows Mr. Masefield's own voice and manner, was the passage from his speech at Hereford, and several of the readings of the poems seemed to me to 'tear a passion to tatters, to very rags'. In short, a very disappointing programme.

In 'Letters of the Condemned', Francis Haskell spoke of a collection of letters, recently published in Italy, written by members of the European Resistance after they had been condemned to death by the Nazis. He read many heart-rending passages from them which showed the amazing courage and devotion of their writers, some of them hardly more than children. It is good that these letters, with their tragic and inspiring testimony to human steadfastness, have been preserved and published.

'Escape from the Elements' is to be a series of four outside broadcasts, the first of which, given last week, was escape from 'Earth'. The scene was a cave in the Mendip Hills and the event was a put-up, and a very realistically put-up, job. Rex Alston, deliberately ignoring most of the rules drawn up by the Mendip Rescue Organisation, got himself duly lost in the bowels of the earth, and two rescue parties, accompanied by Raymond Baxter and Alan Gibson, entered the cave by different passages, and set about his rescue. And by the noises they made and their spasmodic exclamations it was evidently a pretty tough struggle. Mr. Baxter lost the skin on his knee and Mr. Gibson was audibly afflicted with acute dyspnoea. The broadcast not only gave your critic the creeps; it also provided a most useful warning to rash adventurers on the danger of exploring caves without first giving information of their intention and providing themselves with certain dire necessities without which they may let themselves in for a harassing ordeal.

Under the title of 'Delinquent Worlds', Professor W. J. H. Sprott gave an extremely interesting and amusing talk on some researches into the social background of delinquency with findings very different from the conventional psychological theory that delinquency springs from maladjustment due to an unhappy or broken home. Many young delinquents, he found, far

from being maladjusted, are only too well adjusted, but to a sub-society at variance with society at large. His description of the amazing difference in the morals and habits of life of two streets known to him in which delinquency is frequent was extraordinarily interesting, and he told, too, of a group of boys who practised thieving for the fun and prestige they got out of taking risks. 'It makes you sweat', one of them told him, 'but it gives you a thrill'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

In the Limelight

DR. BRUNO WALTER and Sir Malcolm Sargent again shared the limelight last week, Sir Malcolm literally taking the lion's share of that commodity on Wednesday when television reared its bright and distracting head in the Festival Hall. Ever since an experience of a televised concert at last year's Edinburgh Festival I have been wondering how soon the subject would be ventilated in the press. That moment has now arrived and it is for consideration, especially in view of the advent of commercial television, how far concert-goers, who have paid for their seats, are to be expected to tolerate the blinding glare and the moving operators, however stealthy, in the interests of spectators sitting at home. At least, the microphones, which serve me and the readers of this column, are quiet and unobtrusive. Whether the addition of a sight of Mr. Arrau's fingers and the conductor's figure enhanced the audience's enjoyment of their performance, I leave to my televising colleague who can speak with greater authority.

The first part of Wednesday's concert contained the most meat. Everyone may not approve of orchestral transcriptions of Bach, but Walton's treatment of movements from the cantatas is very different from that meted out to the organ music by Respighi, 'Klenovsky' and, I regret to say, Elgar with their flaring, vulgar colouring. The ballet suite from 'The Wise Virgins' is marked by the restraint, delicacy, and good taste with which the pieces are orchestrated.

Rubbra's Sixth Symphony followed, and a second hearing coupled with a perusal of the score, which is now available in Messrs. Lengnick's miniature series, confirmed the first impression that this is the finest of the composer's symphonies. Not only is it noble, grave, and beautiful music, but in construction and orchestration it shows an assured mastery. The previous symphonies have contained much that is admirable, but in none of them does one feel that the composer has been so completely successful in communicating to his audience the whole of his thought.

Dr. Walter gave us a performance of Mozart's Requiem Mass—not, perhaps, an appropriate choice for Whit Sunday, but one justified in the event by the sheer beauty of the performance. Despite its incompleteness, so far as Mozart was concerned, and the unhappy effect of the repetition of the baroque fugue from the 'Kyrie' at the end—but what else was poor Sussmayr to do?—Dr. Walter brought out all the greatness of soul and tragic feeling in this darkly coloured music. He was well served by an excellent quartet of soloists and by the B.B.C. Chorus and Orchestra. In the first part Haydn's Symphony No. 96 in D lived up to its nickname of 'The Miracle', being marvellously well moulded. The performance may not have been so pointed as some we hear, but it had a warmth of expression and that singing quality of tone, which I have heard Dr. Walter exacting from an orchestra at rehearsal long ago.

Yet, with all deference to these distinguished conductors, I am inclined to give the palm for the best performance of the week to Nina Milkina and the Haydn Orchestra conducted by



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Harry Newstone in Mozart's Concerto in C major (K.467). I have praised Miss Milkina's performance of Mozart before, and need add nothing more, beyond a special commendation of those beautifully smooth runs, which (in Mozart's own phrase) 'flowed like oil'. The special virtue of the performance was the finely balanced accompaniment, which was so closely integrated with the solo that the whole work seemed to be under the control of a single pair of hands. The interchanges between soloist and orchestra in the slow movement attained a perfection of smoothness, and Mr. Newstone kept the *pizzicato* 'ground' firm without ever allowing it to plod. The concert began with a gay prelude from one of Haydn's operas, which was

ben trovato, and ended with an excellent performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, unaffected, rhythmical, and sensitively phrased.

I wish I could feel more enthusiasm for the symphonies of Martinu, which are being presented in series. The fifth, which Vilem Tausky conducted last week, is perhaps rather more attractive than its predecessors, but even so it seemed to have little real character beyond a certain brash vitality. Aaron Copland's 'Appalachian Spring', which was conducted by the composer, has more quality.

Among other programmes, Geraint Jones, who now handles the conductor's stick as well as the organ-manual, directed a concert of Bach and Purcell, which included a commendably

stylish performance of Bach's Violin Concerto in A minor, though the *canto fermo* in the slow movement here did plod along rather heavily, and Purcell's magnificent Coronation Anthem, 'My heart is inditing'. Meanwhile, further up the musicological front, Denis Stevens has been deftly keeping two programmes on the air, expounding the proper interpretation of old music in the one and arranging the performance of early sixteenth-century organ music in the other.

The difficulties of communication arising out of the coincidence of a Bank Holiday with a railway strike resulted last week in the substitution of Beethoven's name for Bruckner's as the 'contemporary and antagonist' of Brahms.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Liszt the Many-sided

By HUMPHREY SEARLE

The first of a series of programmes of Liszt's music will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Wednesday, June 15, and 8.10 p.m. the following day (both Third)

MANY people are puzzled by the apparent contradictions and inconsistencies in Liszt's character and work: they do not see how a man who has just 'renounced the world' by taking the four minor orders of the Catholic Church can immediately sit down and write a *'jonglerie indienne'* in the form of a fantasy on themes from Meyerbeer's 'L'Africaine', nor how a composer whose professed aim was to revivify the church music of his day could follow the austere and liturgical 'Missa choralis' of 1865 with the theatrical and flamboyant Hungarian Coronation Mass of 1867. Those who think like this, usually taking the example of Beethoven, tend to see a composer's life in terms of a straight line—an early period of comparative immaturity, a mature 'middle period' usually linked with some idea of storm and stress, and a final serene stage in which all artistic problems are resolved and the composer is free to reach out into the future. There is of course a good deal of plausibility in this pattern but it is seldom really applicable if one looks at a composer's works as a whole: while it may reflect the main course of Beethoven's development, it leaves out of account the large number of minor works which he wrote at all periods of his life, and often simultaneously with his greatest masterpieces.

The trouble with Liszt is not only that he wrote far too many minor pieces, but that these are also the works by which he is chiefly known today. In fact the theatrical display-piece has come to be inevitably associated in our minds with Liszt's name: and good of their kind as many of these may be, they represent only a comparatively small part of his total output.

Side by side with his virtuosity, the twin strains of poetry and religious feeling run through Liszt's music from the first to the last. The poetry is clear for all to hear in the 'Années de Pèlerinage' and in many of the 'Transcendental Studies': religious feeling emerges as early as the single piece 'Harmonies poétiques et religieuses' of 1834, though it was to find its fullest expression in the works of the Weimar period and after. And within Liszt's religious music itself there are several categories. The lyrical 'Hymne de l'enfant à son réveil', to be broadcast next week, was originally written to be performed in intimate circumstances by Liszt himself to his young children in the 1840s, and many later small works also belong to this intimate genre. The largest choral works, such as the two big oratorios, the larger masses, Psalm 13 and the *Cantico del Sol*, were intended

for public performance in a concert hall, and their style is broadly dramatic, corresponding to that of the symphonic poems. The smaller masses, such as the 'Missa choralis', and many other shorter choral works, were definitely intended for liturgical use: their style reduces the music to its barest elements. Liszt had reacted against the operatic church music which he was accustomed to hear in his youth: he made a prolonged study of Gregorian chant, which considerably influenced his style of writing in these works, and chromaticism appears only in certain expressive passages. Nevertheless, in spite of some initial support from some of the more intelligent members of the clergy, his would-be liturgical works did not find acceptance within the Church in general, and in his last years he turned to experimental works within the religious framework, such as 'Via Crucis' and the extraordinary motet 'Ossa arida', which he must have realised had little chance of performance in his lifetime. Nevertheless church music has in fact moved in the direction which he foresaw, and theatricality and sentimentality have been more and more replaced by austerity and restraint.

Liszt did not find it inconsistent to praise God in three different ways, with varying kinds of music: he always wrote what he felt was the most suitable music for the purpose intended. This is really the key to his approach to music, and may explain what is puzzling to many. A good many composers, Chopin or Schumann for instance, have an easily recognisable style which varies very little from one work to another: with Liszt, though the imprint of his personality on all his works is clear enough, there is a good deal of variety in the actual methods used. People are perhaps confused by this because it does not fit into the 'straight-line' theory of a composer's development; but Liszt expected his hearers to listen to each new work of his as an entity in itself, not necessarily to compare it with previous works. In fact, when an earlier work of his was due to be republished, he almost invariably made considerable alterations to it, sometimes even changing its aspect entirely: the case of the 'Romance oubliée', which amounts to an entirely new piece based on themes from a 'Romance' which he had written forty years earlier and then completely forgotten till reminded of it, is typical of this process. I cannot see that it shows inconsistency to write whatever kind of music is the most suitable for a particular purpose; the only criterion is the musical value of the result.

Here, it must be admitted, Liszt scored as many failures as successes; in an output of over 700 works one could hardly expect otherwise. Some works are simply uninspired: others, particularly some of the larger works, attempt to combine too many disparate elements within one framework. But there is no need to dwell on failures when there are many successes to choose from—many, in fact, which even now have not got into the general repertoire. The fine Fantasia on 'Ad nos', a work in the true tradition of the Bach toccatas, has become popular with organists: but of the two orchestral 'Episodes from Lenau's *Faust*' the only one frequently performed is the second, the 'Dance in the Village Inn', better known as the first Mephisto Waltz—and even this is most often heard in the arrangement for piano.

Liszt clearly regarded the two works as a diptych: both have the same extraordinary evocation of atmosphere and both express the spirit of Lenau's poem. The first episode, 'The Ride by Night', conjures up the agonised feelings of Faust, alone on horseback on a warm summer night in a nightingale-filled wood, when he hears a religious procession approaching through the trees, and realises what he has lost through his own act of folly. There is nothing vulgar or flamboyant about this piece, and we deserve to hear it played more often together with its well-known companion. The first Mephisto Waltz is one of the comparatively few among Liszt's finer works which has maintained its place in the repertoire; it is easy to see why this should be so, for it is both original and extremely effective, and here again the atmosphere of the scene described by Lenau is most powerfully conveyed. I have always felt it a pity that the second ending of this work is not more often played: the essence of Lenau's poem is that the villagers are so intoxicated by the music of Mephisto's violin that they leave the dance floor and abandon themselves to love-making in the starlit woods, while in the distance the song of the nightingale is heard.

The first ending, as we all know, brings back the music of the dance and works it up to an effective climax; in the second ending there is a crash for the full orchestra, and then the music dies away in muttered tremolos—they sink in the ocean of their lust', in Lenau's words. Liszt was not a faultless composer, but these two 'Faust Episodes' do show him at the height of his powers: as many people feel, it is in the subtle evocation of mood and atmosphere, rather than in dramatic exuberance, that his true value lies.



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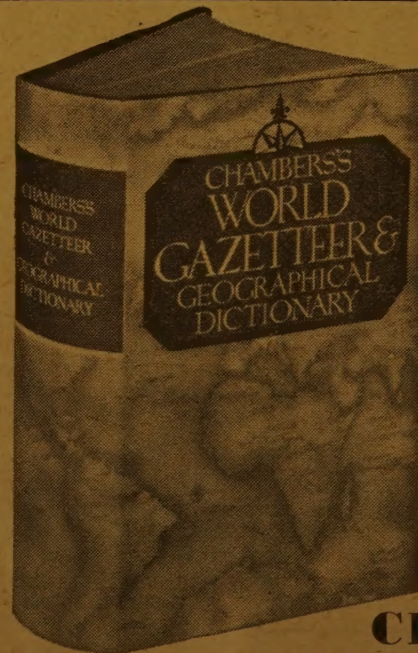
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for the Housewife

How To Make a Silica Garden

By HORACE MANLEY

PERHAPS you have been to Cheddar Gorge and seen the fascinating variety of stalagmites and coloured rock formations in the caves there. Perhaps too, like me, you enjoy gazing at the varied patterns of sea-weeds and fern growths on the bottom of rock pools on the seashore. If so, I think you will like to try to imitate these natural patterns in your own home, to make an artificial water garden. The principle is very simple indeed. Certain chemicals—crystals called silicates—will, when they are dropped into a solution of waterglass, grow up into ferns, or sponge, or coral shapes—white, pink, green, brown, or mauve. You can make a silica garden for just a few shillings.

First of all you need a container for the garden: a small goldfish bowl will serve excellently for the permanent ornament. For experimenting, I have often used an old accumulator case, or even a milk bottle. Of course it must be transparent—for all the growth occurs within the liquid—and at least eight inches tall. The crystals send up their ferns and corals to a height of about six inches, and if they reach the surface of the liquid, they will flatten out at the top and give a rather messy, umbrella-like effect.

You will want to start making your silica garden in the kitchen—one obvious reason for this is that you will have to use the gas stove while you are making the waterglass, in order to heat it up. I should make the waterglass in an old saucepan—one part of waterglass to two parts of rain-water or distilled water (as for a car battery or accumulator). Failing that, use boiled water or water from ice-cubes, i.e., from the refrigerator. Put the mixture on the stove and heat it to about 60° Centigrade—till it is just too warm to dip your finger in. Stir it all the time, because waterglass is a very syrupy liquid. Now take your container and fill it to within an inch of the top: and do this over the sink, for if you spill any of the waterglass it will leave a white stain. You can get these stains off

tiles and enamel easily by using a damp cloth—but they will spoil paintwork. Wash the outside of the container thoroughly with tap water.

Carry the container to the place where you want your garden to stand—for the less you have to move it about after it is made, the better. Drop the crystals into the liquid one at a time, and they will start growing immediately they hit the bottom. If the liquid is still warm, the crystal will complete its growth in half-a-minute or so; if it has become cold—say, down to room temperature in winter—the rate of growth will be too slow to see, and may even take several hours, then you have lost half the fun of watching the pattern building up quickly.

Here are the names of the crystals which produce the different sorts of growth. First, the fern-like ones: manganese sulphate or manganese chloride will give you white or pale-pink ferns; cobalt chloride or cobalt nitrate produces deep-purple ferns. Then the corals or sponge-shapes: nickel or copper chlorides give you green ones; and copper sulphate, blue. Lastly, there is ferric chloride, which gives you brown clumps in a rather ragged spiral effect—like a knobbly walking stick. The smallest quantity of each which you can buy at your local chemist—say an ounce—is ample for making a silica garden, and it will cost only a few pence. You can keep all the crystals indefinitely in packets or jars—except the brown one, ferric chloride: that will turn into a sticky mass rather quickly. I usually buy a 1lb. packet of waterglass (sodium silicate).

I often put some sand, or a few small pebbles, at the bottom of the container before I begin to plant the crystals—it adds to the sea-bed effect. And some of my friends prefer to make little mounds of pebbles, or use large ones. You can please yourselves—it does not affect the actual growth, but it does give a prettier effect to the finished garden. Apart from the risk of sharp knocks (which may snap off the brittle plants),

a silica garden will last for a long time. I have had one on my mantelpiece for eighteen months and it is still in perfect condition.

—*'Woman's Hour'*

Notes on Contributors

BRIAN CROZIER (page 1005): on the staff of *The Economist*; formerly a news-agency correspondent at Viet-Nam

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CHARLES SELTMAN (page 1038): formerly Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University; author of *A Book of Greek Coins*, *The Twelve Olympians*, etc.

MAX GLUCKMAN (page 1041): Professor of Social Anthropology, Manchester University; author of *The Judicial Process among the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,310.

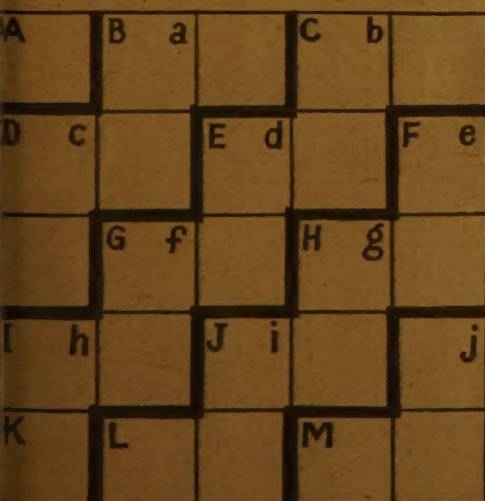
Bisectors.

By Trand

Solution of No. 1,308

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, June 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



B, C, D and E are four points on a straight line and A is a point not on the line. AC is an angle bisector of triangle ABD and AD is a median of triangle ACE. All sides of every triangle of the figure are integral.

Across clues are denoted by capital letters, down clues by small letters.

	AB	AC	AD	AE	CD
1.	d	F	K	L	A
2.	H	b—M	I	L	A
3.	G	b—M	h	i	i—A
4.	M	a	B	b—a	g
5.	b	E	J	C	f
6.	b	D	J	i	j—A
7.	c	c	c—A	b—a	g

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OF AN OLD SONG
RSTHOMAS

NOTES

1. Obscene ('Crustaceans', R. Fuller). 2. Foretooth ('Bitter Sanctuary', H. Monro). 3. Grate ('The Neurotics', A. S. J. Tessimond). 4. Doorless ('The Neurotics', A. S. J. Tessimond). 5. Sick ('Leave Train', A. Ross). 6. Shaken ('Gerontion', T. S. Eliot). 7. Warners ('The Foundations II', C. Dymont). 8. Cold ('The Splendid Dawn', J. Hewitt). 9. Gothic ('Letter III', W. Empson). 10. Black ('A Love Poem', T. Tiller). 11. Broken ('The Country Fair', E. Sitwell). 12. Fraud ('Ulysses', R. Graves). 13. Peeping ('Conversion', T. S. Hulme). 14. Consent ('The Nightmare', J. Lehmann). 15. Monophone ('The Mediterranean', A. Tate). 16. Unquiet ('Poems 1930', W. H. Auden). 17. Books ('Pour l'Élection de son Sepulchre', E. Pound). 18. Army ('The Dowser', L. MacNeice). 19. Brass ('The Pot of Earth', A. MacLeish). 20. Poetry ('A Letter', A. Ridler). 21. Frozen ('Fable', F. Prokosch). 22. Twelvemonth ('The Fisherman', W. B. Yeats). 23. Ghost ('Variations on a Couplet by Alexander Pope', S. Sitwell). 24. Pregnant ('Newsreel', C. D. Lewis). 25. Three ('The Last Voyage', C. Williams). 26. Earth's ('American Letter', A. MacLeish). 27. Bones ('The Road', E. Muir). 28. Choose ('To a Mermaid', C. Madge). 29. Last ('Once by the Pacific', R. Frost). 30. Orion ('Vision of England II', G. Barker). 31. Break ('When All My Five and Country Senses See', D. Thomas). 32. Fur ('High on a Ridge of Tiles', M. J. Craig). 33. Carillon ('Stormy Day', W. R. Rodgers). 34. Splendour ('Nada', D. Gascoyne). 35. Grass ('Rhapsody on a Windy Night', T. S. Eliot). 36. Swinging ('Elegy', A. Comfort). 37. Moving ('At a Parade', F. T. Prince).

This puzzle evidently proved too difficult and no solutions were received.

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